THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Labors of Brother Flanagan in the Matter of Organizing New Divisions of the Ancient Order.

County President Barry, of Knox, Visits the Brothers in Henry County—State President Keating at Monmouth.

Brother P. B. Flanagan, chairman of the committee on organization, is working with that intelligent zeal which always distinguished his work in the past. He is selecting the most earnest members of the Order for visiting duty, and his instructions should receive prompt attention. Using considerable judgment, he is careful to avoid unnecessary hardship to a member and none will have to make too long a journey or be detained until too late an hour. Much complaint is made of the delay in opening meetings and late adjournment of the same. It is just as easy to commence at 8 o'clock sharp and close at 10 as it is to open at 9 o'clock and close at 11. Our people are, for the most part, folks who must be at business at 7 o'clock in the morning, and it is an injustice to them to detain them to an hour which prevents their return home until almost midnight. Presidents must know by this time that such late meetings deter many from attending, especially on occasions when outsiders are expected. If Brother Flanagan keeps his department working as at present much good will result and we will learn more accurately the condition of the divisions than we can through the quarterly reports.

On the 23d ult., a committee consisting of Bros. P. J. O'Sullivan, P. F. Holden, F. J. Clingen, T. H. Donohue and T. T. Boland called on Div. 11, as directed by Bro. P. B. Flanagan, and had the pleasure of meeting some of our old-time workers. President Bradshaw is fortunate in having some of the best workers in the Order among his members, and the excellent assistance received from the worthy County Treasurer has enabled him to place No. 11 where it is entitled to be, among the most reliable and influential divisions in Cook county. Speeches were made by the visitors, who expressed themselves much pleased by the methods and discipline which prevailed.

On Friday the 24th ult., Div. 21 was visited by Brothers P. J. O'Sullivan, McHugh, Boland and Maloney, of Div. 8, to invite co-operation in approaching holy communion in a body on the second Sunday in May. A splendid gathering greeted the visitors, as No. 21 is already becoming noted for the good attendance of its membership, over 75 per cent being present at all meetings. The brothers of the North and West Sides ought to pay more visits to No. 21, where they will find much to repay them for their journey in meeting with as gallant a number of men as ever enlisted under the old banner.

Division 36 had the pleasure of a visit from County President Henely on the 24th ult. There were also among the visitors Brother Johnston, of Oakland, Cal., and Brother P. F. Holden. The County President delivered an able and interesting address on the merits of the A.O.H. He complimented No. 36 on its growth since his last visit, and encouraged the idea of bringing visitors to the division meetings as calculated to inspire feelings of fraternity and increase social intercourse. He urged the officers to attend to the duties of their offices and the members at large to support their superiors in their efforts to spread the principles of the A. O. H. Brother Johnston spoke of the progress of the Order on the Pacific Slope, and interested all by his narrative of the enterprise and energy of the Hibernians in the city near the golden gates. Brother Holden spoke of the press as the propaganda of the Order and dwelt on the necessity of recognition of its power for good. Songs and recitations from Brothers Ledwidge, Holden, Woods and Lonergan added to the pleasure of the evening until the adjournment at 11 o'clock.

The ball of Company B, Hibernian Knights, was a splendid success, socially and financially. Over four hundred couples were present and enjoyed themselves immensely, owing to the excellent arrangements of the committee in charge of the same. We go to press too early to get particulars, but will note the same more fully next week.

Brother J. W. Barry, County President of Knox county, invaded Henry county, on Sunday, the 26th ult., with some of his boys from Div. 1 of Galesburg, and raised the banner in Kewanee. His enterprise was rewarded by the enlistment of thirty-six charter members, who comprised some of the best material in Henry county. The energy of Brother Barry is worthy of imitation, and I hope to hear of some of his neighbors rivaling his missionary work in the near future. The visitors submitted the claims of the Order on our race and people so forcibly and intelligently that there was an unanimous consent to enlist in our ranks. After enrollment of members the election of officers took place, resulting in the selection of the following: President, John McGlennen; Vice-President, Anthony Brady; Recording Secretary, James Malley; Financial Secretary, John McKeon; Treasurer, J. L. Tortioli. Later on the following county officers were elected: John P. Brady, County President; Jas. Carney, County Vice-President. All agree that better selections could not be made, and that Henry county has at its head men of the best material. After the conclusion of the good work at Kewanee the Galesburg men traveled on to Monmouth to meet the State President.

On Saturday, April 25, State President Keating went to Monmouth to consult with the A.O.H. of that city and devise the best methods of putting the same on a good footing once more. A meeting was called in a convenient hall, and after some discussion it was decided to reorganize Div. 1 and start afresh. The selection of officers resulted in the election of the following: President, A. W. Ryan; Vice-President, John Callahan; Recording Secretary, J. D. Toal; Financial Secretary, John Flanagan; Treasurer, B. McNamara; Sergeant-at-Arms, T. Murphy; Doorkeeper, William Broderick; Marshal, M. Murphy. The election was of a spirited order, and deep interest was manifested in the proceedings by all. County President Ed Reardon, who pledged the meeting to new fealty to the old society, is enthusiastic over the result, and promises two more divisions in the near future. Brother P. F. Holden, who was in town on business, spoke of the Order in most eloquent terms, eliciting much applause from his listeners and winning endorsement for his ideas of the society in the future. He referred to the national aspect of Ireland's affairs, its promise of the early realization of the patriots' hopes, and the improved condition of national organizations. His words found an echo in every heart, and he closed with an eloquent appeal for sympathy with the cause of Ireland a Nation amid laud applause.

The State President followed on the principles, the laws, and the requirements of the Order, confining himself to the urgent need of proper interpretation of the same to guide us aright in the path of progress. Brother Kelly, President of Div. 1 of Galesburg, expressed his interest in the proceedings and told of the growth of the A.O.H. in Knox county. Brother Kelly is a very clever speaker, much interested in the Order and an able organizer. Later in the evening a fresh contingent from Galesburg, headed by Brothers John W. Barry, P. O'Brien, J. H. Graham and J. F. McCarthy, arrived, and making Brother Holden captive, bore him off to Galesburg, where they introduced the representative of THE CITIZEN to every possible subscriber. The Galesburg division numbers over one hundred in good standing, and will throw Monmouth in the shade, notwithstanding the efforts of Brothers James [illegible] and J. J. O'Neill, who promised thirty new members before July 4. The visit to Warren and Knox counties will result in much good, and is a proof how necessary is a personal visit of the State officers to all places where the organization exists in the State. The finance committee should take the matter under consideration when making appropriations at the coming convention for the expenses of the State officers.

The West Side is waking up with a vengeance, and will soon overtake the hitherto more prosperous or numerous South Side. For years four divisions were all that could be mustered across the river, but now there are nearly a dozen organized, or in the process of formation. We may safely expect that inside of two years the members coming over the river will prove that in their section of the city, as of old, reside the pushing, aggressive Irish-Americans, who built up the Order in days when the South Side was but a rolling prairie. When the missionary work on the South Side has received such an impetus as will insure its safe continuance on the high road of success, we will centralize our efforts on the North Side, and before '97 forty divisions will be included in the roster of Cook county. We want only organized effort, well directed, to accomplish anything we undertake.

Division 1, under the presidency of W. J. Maloney, will hold a monster reunion in the near future, and be the first move of our summer campaign in that section. Brother Maloney is an able general and knows the value of first impressions, hence postpones the celebration until the same can be held in a manner worthy of the occasion, and his active, stirring co-workers in Div. 1. The event should be one of large attendance, and with proper interest at least a thousand members should be present.

Don't forget the rendezvous on Twenty-fifth street and Michigan avenue on Sunday, May 3, to escort the Archbishop to All Saints church. Every South Side division ought to have the majority of its members present. ED.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to the secretary, Francis Nolan O'Mahony, 354 East Chicago avenue.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WILLIAM ORR.

Brief Memoir of the First Martyr of the United Irish Society to the Cause of Liberty.

Convicted by a Drunken and Terrified Jury—Noble Speech From the Dock.

In October 'Ninety-seven—
May his soul find rest in heaven—
William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That Irish was his creed;
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on.
—*Street Ballad.*

The first martyr of the United Irish Movement was William Orr. For the open constitutional "test" of the society an oath of secrecy and mutual fidelity had been substituted when Tone reorganized the movement on a revolutionary basis, and in February, 1796, the government made the administration of this oath a capital felony. To vindicate this law, and to show that the government meant to grapple with the widespread republican conspiracy, it was necessary that a victim should at once be found, and a few months after the passing of the act, William Orr, one of the most popular men in the north of Ireland, was arrested on a charge of having administered the oath to a soldier named Wheatley. Orr is described as a man of six feet two inches in height, of pious and manly character, and a perfect model of symmetry and strength. He was the son of a Presbyterian farmer and bleach-green owner of Farranshane, county Antrim. He had received a good education, was in comfortable circumstances, and was one of the most active men of the conspiracy in the north.

His trial commenced at Carrickfergus on Sept. 16, 1797, before Chief Baron Yelverton. The chief witness against Orr was Wheatley, a private in the Fifeshire Fencibles, who swore that he attended a meeting of which the prisoner was chairman, and was there forced to take the United Irish oath. The evidence was unsupported, and after a vain attempt made by Curran and Sampson, who defended him, to have the proceedings quashed, on the ground that Orr should have been indicted for high treason, the jury retired at 6 o'clock in the evening to consider their verdict. They were copiously supplied with liquor, and were threatened with prosecution as United Irishmen if the prisoner was not convicted. Throughout the night the loyalists of the jury feasted and caroused. Those of the jury who were favorably disposed towards Orr were beaten and deprived of food, though they were liberally plied with drink. The result was that at 6 o'clock next morning, after twelve hours' "deliberation," the jury staggered into court with a verdict of guilty. Mary McCracken, writing under date of Sept. 27, 1797, to her brother in Kilmainham jail, thus refers to the proceedings:

"Orr's trial has clearly proved that there is neither justice nor mercy to be expected. . . . You will be surprised when I tell you that old Archibald Thompson, of Cushendall, was foreman of the jury, and it is thought he will lose his senses if Mr. Orr's sentence is carried into execution, as he already appears quite distracted at the idea of a person being condemned to die through his ignorance, as it seems he did not at all understand the business of a juryman. However, he held out from the forenoon till 6 o'clock in the morning of the day following, though it is said he was beaten and threatened with being wrecked and not left a sixpence in the world on his refusing to bring in a verdict of guilty. Neither would they let him taste of the supper. . . . It was not, therefore, much to be wondered at that an infirm old man should not have sufficient resolution to hold out against such treatment."

When asked why sentence of death should not be passed on him, Orr replied:

"My Friends and Fellow-Countrymen: In the thirty-first year of my life I have been sentenced to die upon the gallows, and this sentence has been in pursuance of a verdict of twelve men, who should have been indifferently and impartially chosen. How far they have been so, I leave to that country from which they have been chosen to determine, and how far they have discharged their duty, I leave to their God and to themselves. They have, in pronouncing their verdict, thought proper to recommend me as an object of humane mercy. In return, I pray to God, if they have erred, to have mercy on them. The judge who condemned me humanely shed tears in uttering my sentence. But whether he did wisely in so highly commending the wretched informer, who swore away my life, I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him and all the world, with my dying breath, that that informer was foresworn. The law under which I suffer is surely a severe one—may the makers and promoters of it be justified in the integrity of their motives, and the purity of their own lives! By that law I am stamped a felon but my heart disdains the imputation. My comfortable lot, and industrious course of life, best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder; but if to have loved my country—to have known its wrongs—to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress—if those be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise. Had my counsel (for whose honorble exertions I am indebted) prevailed in their motions to have me tried for high treason, rather than under the insurrection law, I should have been entitled to a full defense, and my actions have been better vindicated; but that was refused, and I must now submit to what has passed.

To the generous protection of my country I leave a beloved wife, who has been constant and true to me, and whose grief for my fate has already nearly occasioned her death. I have five living children, who have been my delight. May they love their country as I have done, and die for it if needful. Lastly, a false and ungenerous publication having appeared in a newspaper, stating certain alleged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, I take this solemn method of contradicting the calumny. I was applied to by the high sheriff and the Rev. William Bristow, sovereign of Belfast, to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect; this I peremptorily refused. If I thought myself guilty I would freely confess it, but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence. I trust that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart—nothing doubting the success of that cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offenses as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into—I die in peace and charity with all mankind."

Scarcely had the sentence been passed when compunction seemed to seize the jury and witnesses. Wheatley made an affidavit before a magistrate acknowledging having sworn falsely against Orr. Two of the jury deposed they were under the influence of drink when the verdict was given, and two others that they were compelled by threats and actual violence to concur with the majority. On these depositions Curran moved for a new trial, but, of course, without avail. A victim had been secured and should suffer. Deaf to all appeals of mercy, the lord lieutenant, the notorious Camden—in whose honor we have named some of our Dublin streets—decreed that the law should take its course, and Orr was executed outside Carrickfergus on Oct. 14, 1797, solemnly protesting his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. He was 31 years of age at the time.

So popular was he and such brutal means had been employed to bring about his ruin that his death excited universal indignation. Medals with "Remember Orr" were struck off and circulated; his name became a watchword with the brotherhood, and we are told that a popular toast of the time was "The Ministers in Orr's place."

A few days after the execution the Press, the organ of the United Irishmen, contained an open letter addressed to Earl Camden, which for vigor and straight speaking reminds one irresistibly of Mitchel's letters, half a century later. The following are a few extracts from it:

"The death of Mr. Orr the nation has pronounced one of the most sanguinary and savage acts that has disgraced the laws. In perjury did you not hear, my lord, the verdict was given? Perjury accompanied by terror, as terror has marked every step of your government. Vengeance and desolation were to fall on those who would not plunge themselves in blood. These were not strong enough; against the express law of the land, not only was drink introduced to the jury, but drunkenness itself—beastly and criminal drunkenness—was employed to procure the murder of a better man than any that now surrounds you."

". . . Mr. Pitt has learned that a merciful lord lieutenant was unsuited to a government of violence. It was no compliment to the native clemency of a Camden that he sent you into Ireland; and what has been our portion under the change, but massacre and rape, military murder, desolation and terror."—*Irish Weekly Independent.*

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill

PHIL SHERIDAN COUNCIL.

Mr. T. H. Clifford Delivers an Interesting and Eloquent Historical Speech at a Meeting of the Irish National Alliance.

Many Deeds of Patriotism and Heroism Attractively Recited.

The Phil Sheridan Council of the Irish National Alliance held a rousing meeting at Fitzgerald's Hall last Sunday afternoon, Miles McFadden, president, occupied the chair. After several other gentlemen had addressed the meeting, Mr. T. H. Clifford spoke as follows:

When Bonaparte dismissed an examination of the map of Britain with the expression "Perfidious Albion," he briefly summed up the past and subsequent history of those dominions. It was so then and previously. It is so today. Whether the subject be an O'Neill, a Lubungalo or a Kruger, the object is the same. It may be the conquest of Ulster, or the scene may be changed to the torrid climes of Africa, but the story is not different. The same rapacity pervades the narrative under a Henry or a Chamberlain, and England today stands confessed the same subtle, far-reaching instrument of hypocrisy, cupidity and conquest that characterized her steps when, in the spring of 1172, with honey on her lips and avarice in her heart, she initiated that career of plunder and oppression which has marked her as a plague spot in the path to universal liberty. Today she evangelizes with the bible in one hand and the sword in the other—so saith Cromwell, and no one will deny that he was a type of his nation. But the fact remains that human progress has been more impeded by the alleged civilizing influences of the "flag of England" than all the incursions of supposed barbarians from Atilla to the Mahdi.

The history of English rule in Ireland is a history of failure. Froude says that "if the votes of the Irish people were taken [illegible] immediate and eternal. It stands confessed," he says, "that after all our efforts we have not made friends. Seven centuries of injury divide us. They want us simply to take ourselves away and leave them to manage their affairs as best they can." And why should this condition confront every English party and be apparent to all the world? The answer is simple. The original conquest of Ireland was obtained through chicane and fraud.

Can it be that a people so renowned during the first ages of Christianity for their piety and learning and among whom the Anglo-Saxon was, according to his own historian, obliged to seek instruction during the centuries which preceded the invasion of the English, are all of a sudden reduced to the condition of savages and degenerates? The answer is no. The condition in which they were represented as being was not their then condition but English misgovernment, cruelty, crimes, ostracism, fines, penalties, hangings, murders and tyranny went as far to bringing about that condition of things as human ingenuity could well devise. Give us an instance in the history of the world where similar methods were applied and where like results were not obtained. We have a parallel in the history of Poland, for "Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime." Tyranny has taken many forms and has lived in many ages, but the trail of the serpent is over them all.

"To hell or to Connaught" was the doom of our race. There was no alternative. It was the policy of Cromwell. It has largely been the policy of those who succeeded him, but the Irish people are today where they have been—the uncompromising enemies of their exterminators, and now, as then, they are prepared to face the Briton. Why should we waste time in discussing the details of the record of blood, rapine and slaughter which, alas, is written on every page of the unholy connection between England and Ireland? It is enough for us to know that practically the same conditions exist today that existed when the redoubtable O'Sullivan Bere proved his prowess by marching through a hostile country from Bantry to Dromahare, or when the renowned O'Neill, setting the rigors of winter at defiance, presented himself before the gates of Kinsale like another Xenophon, having withstood the numerous dangers of that long and dreary march which brought him to the succor of his oppressed countrymen of the south. England has not changed, neither have we. They are the same, and they find us still confronting them. The same feelings which characterized our forefathers at Ostend, Amiens, Altenheim, Almanza and at Cassano and Fontenoy are not wanting in the men of today. All we require is the opportunity. Existing conditions may seemingly refuse it, but what has been done in the past may be accomplished in the future. History repeats itself. There was a Thermopylæ, and there was a massacre of Mullaghmast. Forty gentlemen of Portugal accomplished the liberty of that land. The young Horatio held the bridge in the brave days of old. So did the men of Athlone. We must still keep up the good fight and not let the cause of Irish nationality die out either in this land or in the "little isle across the sea." We have a glorious history, a history which the malignant pen of a Spenser, or a Macaulay, or a Froude cannot refute. The Irish soldier has proved his valor on every battlefield in Europe from Bois-le-Duc to Fontenoy. They lent their valor to the states which supported their dethroned kings, their outlawed religion, their denationalized country, their vow of vengeance or their hope of freedom. In America they have an equally proud record, for it has been estimated that during the war of the revolution the Pennsylvania line, Washington's surest troops, were largely Irish, and in an Irish exile—Gen. Montgomery—the young republic found her second martyr general. In the war of 1812 and in 1861

They bore her starry flag above through
bastion, gate and wall,
They stood the foremost in the ranks—
the bravest of them all;
And when before the cannon's mouth
they held the foe at bay,
O, never did old Ireland's sons look
prouder than that day.

THE LATE J. S. CASEY.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, April 26.—It seems rather remarkable that J. S. Casey, the Nationalist, who died in Ireland during the week, should not be known to the Chicago daily papers. Noticing this, and believing it a matter of duty, as well as I am sure giving information many would like to know, I wish, through THE CITIZEN, to more properly and fully make known his identity. His full name was John Sarsfield Casey. He was born and lived all his life in Mitchelstown, county Cork. He was one of the '67 Nationalists who fought and suffered, and to his death was ever a staunch patriot. He took a most prominent part in the Home Rule movement of 1870 to 1874, and was the man who exposed the execrable Bridge for his rack-renting methods over the tenants of Mitchelstown and vicinity. He caused the tenantry of Skehacarriska, a mountainous district near Mitchelstown, to take their cases into the courts in 1874, and thereby exposed to the world the iniquitous methods of one of the greatest landlord devil-chargin God ever allowed to live. This landlord, Bridge, was shot at several times but, unfortunately, not killed. It was said he wore a coat of armor next the skin.

The people appreciated Mr. Casey's services, and elected him later on to be district coroner, one of the few offices than wherefor taxpayers were allowed to choose by ballot. It may be truly said that the fight waged in Mitchelstown [illegible] was the [illegible] was politically known as the Casey Boy. Of course, many of the readers of THE CITIZEN will remember the "Clooney Wood," where O'Neill Crowley lost his life in 1867 in defense of his country. That historic spot is only a short distance from Mitchelstown. The latter place has been made historic since as the home of Mandeville, another of the noble souls butchered by the so-called English government. Through all his life Mr. Casey was worthy of his birth-place, and was in every respect a commendable Irishman. I never met him but once, but I knew of him through friends. P. J. O'KEEFFE.

Conan Doyle in Egypt.

Conan Doyle has gone to Egypt to write up the new war in the Soudan. He thus describes the appearance of some English soldiers setting forth by railroad from Cairo to the seat of war:

"Look at those eight bullet heads, close-cropped and red-eared, with flushed bruiser faces and gap-toothed mouths howling in chorus. They are not beautiful, certainly, and it would be hard to deny that they are brutal, but what a sense of vigorous, high-blooded animalism they leave behind them! For good or evil, there is nothing weak about those squares of dashed, shouting faces which are sliding past us. Tommy looks to me as capable of sacking Badajos as his forbears. Good-by, my gallant soldier boys, and God be with you! I think that you will see Berber before you set foot on Cairo platform once more."

Note that there is in this no trace of the tender, touching aversion to war which animates the gentle Briton when the talk is of war with this country or any other great power. "Go it, you bruiser-faced, gap-toothed brutes! You have only naked dervishes to face!" But if it were a conflict with Americans or Boers, both of whom are remarkably accurate handlers of the rifle, the cry would be: "Shall brethren go to war? Perish the thought. It would be a crime against humanity!" Nevertheless, we think and hope that the dervishes will take as good care of Dr. Doyle's admired bulldogs as the old Mahdi did of Hicks Pasha, Gordon and all the rest; and we believe that God will be, now as then, on the side of the invaded.—*Boston Pilot.*

ECLIPSED THEM ALL.

25 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 25½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p.m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

DEATH IN ITS PATH.

KANSAS VISITED AND EIGHT DEAD ARE THE RESULT.

Three Others Fatally Hurt and Seventeen More or Less Injured—Farming Community Swept by the Twisting Terror and Left Bare of Houses, Barns, Trees, Fences and Everything Movable.

TOPEKA, Kas., April 27.—Eight persons, at least, were killed outright; three fatally, and seventeen more or less, injured, and great destruction of property brought by a cyclone which passed over Jay county Saturday night.

The list of the killed and injured, so far as their names are known, is as follows: Killed—Frank Peterson, wife and one daughter; Eli Balthasar and wife; Julius Trembly, Jesse Ham and Mrs. Halverson. Injured—Daughter of Frank Peterson, cannot live; Frank Wilkinson, cannot live; entire family of John Morris, badly mangled; six children of Eli Balthasar, more or less injured.

People on the Rock Island train from the north last evening brought partial details of the cyclone. It started about six miles south of Clifton and went in a northeasterly direction for twelve or fifteen miles, then lost its force by spreading. It passed about half way between Clifton and Morganville.

Pathway Marked by Devastation.

Its track varied from 150 yards to a quarter of a mile in width. It tore through a farming community and left nothing standing. Houses and barns were wrecked, trees torn up or broken, fences leveled and hay stacks blown in every direction. The cyclone was followed by a terrific rain storm which lasted several hours, flooding the devastated district. There had been indications of a heavy rain all day, with local showers, but nobody expected a storm. So far as learned the victims were in the houses and the most of them had retired. The storm struck Peter Anderson's house at 9:30 o'clock. This was about a mile from the starting point. The house was demolished in an instant. Every member of the Anderson family was injured. When they had extricated themselves from the debris they discovered that Anderson's grandchild was missing.

The dead body of the child was found in a ravine half a mile away. It evidently had been carried there by the wind. Anderson, alarmed the neighbors who fired out of the track of the storm and search was commenced for victims. At noon yesterday it was thought that all the victims had been found. A large number of cattle and horses were killed, and fruit in the storm's track was ruined. It is impossible at this time to estimate the damage to buildings and other property. Heart-rending tales of suffering are told by persons who visited the scene of the storm. Many of the injured lay all night pinned down by wreckage or paralyzed in the mud, while others crawled or hobbled across the country to neighbors' houses.

Wreck of the Morris House.

In several instances people were lifted into the air by the cyclone and carried for a distance and then suddenly dropped. Buildings were lifted up and then hurled to the ground with force enough to demolish them. The wife and daughter of John Morris were reading when the shock came. The house was divided. The women managed to get out, when the wind picked them up, carried them 200 yards, and let them safely down on a pile of straw, just away from the storm's track. The people for miles around yesterday gathered at the different points where damage had been done and rendered assistance in every possible way.

Like a Shifting Mist Does Over the Ground.

The conductor on the Rock Island train said that the track of the storm looked like a piece of ground which had been leveled with a roller. Half a dozen telegraph poles were torn down where the cyclone crossed the road. Telegraphic communication between Topeka and Clifton was cut off from the hour of the storm till 9 o'clock yesterday morning. It is expected that much damage was done in the vicinity of Palmer, Washington county, but the details cannot be learned.

CYCLONE BRINGS DEATH TO TWO.

Eleven Persons Caught in a Wrecked House—Four Others Badly Hurt.

ROANOKE, Va., April 25.—Yesterday afternoon a cyclone accompained by hail and a very heavy rainfall struck the city of Salem, seven miles west of here, and besides blowing down several barns, uprooting outhouses and uprooting trees, completely demolished two houses, in one of which a family of eight colored people resided, all of whom and three others were in the house at the time of the disaster.

Jane Harris and her 5-year-old son were taken dead from the ruins, and of the others four were badly injured, one 4-year-old girl being fatally hurt. The cloud, a dark funnel-shaped one, came up suddenly from the southwest, cutting a complete swath of about 150 feet wide wherever it passed.

British Fight the Matabele.

CAPE TOWN, April 25.—The British at Bulawayo have had a fight with the Matabele, in which, it is said, the enemy lost from 600 to 1,000. About half the force in Bulawayo stole out at midnight and attacked the Matabele surrounding the town. The savages had pickets thrown out, however, and the surprise intended was not successful. At one time the British came near being surrounded, but they retreated in good order and reached town. The loss in killed and wounded is not known.

$8, Louis Man Missing.

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—Charles Kuhn, who has been doing a real estate business at 321 Pine street, has been missing for ten days past and attachment suits have been filed against him for about $20,000. His wife has no knowledge of his whereabouts.

Attorney Carl Otto, for the plaintiffs in the attachment suits, says that Kuhn's shortage will amount to over $100,000, which is due persons with whom he had real estate dealings.

Bolin's Jury Disagrees.

OMAHA, April 28.—After a sensational trial extending over several weeks the jury in the case of ex-City Treasurer Bolin was discharged, being unable to agree. They stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal. Henry Bolin was charged with misappropriating $115,000 of Omaha funds. The shortage was detected last year and the pressure became so great that his bondsmen took charge.

CRIPPLE CREEK SWEPT BY FIRE.

Great Mining Camp Nearly Destroyed Through a Courtesan's Anger.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., April 27.—An angry courtesan threw a lamp at her lover, and $1,000,000 worth of property was destroyed in three hours. The lamp hit the stove, igniting the oil and setting fire to the furniture. In a few minutes the building was in flames. This was Cough's dance hall on Myers avenue near Third street. In a very short time the adjoining buildings had caught despite the efforts of the fire department. It soon became evident that the conflagration was to be a big one, but no one thought it would reach such an area. Every minute added fury to the flames. The heat became so intense that buildings on the north side of Meyers street took fire. Then it was that occupants of stores and offices saw the true danger and began to make preparations to save their possessions.

Every wagon in town was pressed into service, and goods were hauled away. Not a tenth part of the goods were saved. By the time the postoffice had caught it became evident that the only way to stop the progress of the fire was to blow up the buildings with dynamite. This was done under the supervision of the firemen and a number of buildings had to be sacrificed before the fire had reached them. The fire started about 1 o'clock p. m. and by 4 p. m. it had demolished the blocks, except a few buildings, between Third and Fifth streets on Meyers, and between Third and Fifth streets on Bennett, stopping close of the New Midland depot and warehouse, between Third and Fifth on Carr. Nearly all the buildings between Third and Fifth on Eaton were destroyed.

The burnt district is to be rebuilt at once with brick and stone buildings. The property on Meyers avenue was occupied in the most part by demi-monde and saloons. The two variety theatres, Topic and Hollangs, were there, and innumerable dance halls. Several accidents of a minor character occurred, but none was fatal. Grace Clifton was badly burned about the face and hands. J. Anderson, while placing a charge of dynamite under the Sisters hospital to blow it up, had a leg torn off by a premature explosion. The postoffice, on Bennett avenue, is a total wreck, only the vault standing. Twenty thousand letters and thousands of packages were destroyed.

The total insurance will reach about $250,000.

The council having granted permission to build wooden houses in the burned district, to be removed within sixty days and give place to brick and stone, twenty-five buildings have been put up, the work going on at night by the light of the moon. The first house up was a dance hall and the second a saloon. Three thousand persons are homeless.

HORRIBLE CRIME IN INDIANA.

One Egbert Kills Five Persons and Himself —Details of the Tragedy.

ROCKVILLE, Ind., April 25.—Peter Egbert, a carpenter, 22 years old, Saturday morning, without apparent cause or provocation, shot and instantly killed Mrs. Herman Hasko and her two children, next door neighbors. He then reloaded his gun, and going up town, saw Sheriff W. M. Mull and Deputy William Swen in the national bank stairway. Egbert pulled up his weapon and shot the sheriff in the back of the head, killing him instantly. Swem fired the assassin and received a charge of buckshot in his neck, falling at the bank steps and expiring instantly. Egbert then made his escape to the fair grounds just outside of town. A posse immediately organized and started in pursuit. Fifty or more men, armed with shotguns and pistols, surrounded the grounds. Egbert refused to surrender and was fired on.

He did not return the fire but ran into a stall and sent a load of buckshot into his breast, dying instantly. He was found to have received one slight bullet wound in the fusilade which had been going on. Egbert's sister at the same hour he killed himself died at the family home of typhoid fever. Young Egbert once was confined in a lunatic asylum, but was discharged as cured. No reason can be assigned for the terrible killing except that the man was insane. No trouble of any kind had ever occurred between the Egberts and Haskes so far as known. Sheriff Mull was a colonel during the war and was prominent in Grand Army circles in Indiana. He was a Republican politician of wide reputation and was only recently renominated.

Wants to Sell the Northern Pacific.

MILWAUKEE, April 28.—Attorney Stetson, of New York, representing the reorganization committee, applied to Judge Jenkins for a decree for the immediate foreclosure and sale of the Northern Pacific property. The court objected to a stipulation that no accounting was to be required from the receivers, and said he would insist upon a full statement of the operation of the road under the receivership. The fact that the court took this stand made it necessary for the attorneys to retire for a conference on the subject of an accounting.

The consultation resulted in holding to the condition that no accounting be required, and the judge waived his objections and will sign a decree of sale in a few days. The sale will take place at West Superior, Wis.

The Keystone State Entry.

HARRISBURG, Pa., April 24.—Representatives of the Republicans of Pennsylvania assembled here in convention yesterday and formally launched the boom of United States Senator M. S. Quay for the presidential nomination. This feat was accomplished amid scenes of much turbulence. Men ordinarily sedate lost their tempers and said harsh things to each other, and at least one distinguished gentleman made demonstrations of violence. The violent scenes were the result of the efforts of the anti-Quay delegates to secure the adoption of a resolution naming McKinley as the second choice of the convention. After an exciting debate the proposition was defeated by a vote of 173 to 65.

French Spoliation Claims.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Senator Warren from the committee on claims, has reported an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill for the payment of the French spoliation claims which have been allowed by the court of claims. It carries an appropriation of $1,020,000.

Fire at Manchester, Conn.

MANCHESTER, Conn., April 24.—Fire here Friday destroyed property of the value of $60,000. The heaviest loss was on the tobacco warehouse of Harkman Bros., $35,000. The origin of the fire is believed to have been incendiary.

ROW AT THE CAPITOL.

Hall and Money Have a Lively Fight Which May Not End There.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Blood was spilt in the Capitol yesterday. More may follow, and a killing is not improbable. Representative and Senator-elect Money, of Mississippi, and Representative Hall, of Missouri, were the chief actors. Money is a free silverite. Hall is for "sound money." Hall came out ahead this time. But Money has the record of being a desperate man, and the fact that he was unarmed is the only reason why he did not kill his opponent. The currency question was not the cause of the fight, although there has been bad blood between the two since Hall joined the "sound money" forces.

U. S. HALL.

The fight took place in the house naval committee room. There was an informal discussion between the two and other representatives on the subject of the reorganization of the navy. Money had remarked that the engineers, paymasters and surgeons wanted more rank, pay and command.

"The man who says that doesn't believe it," said Hall, who is very tall and broad-shouldered, looking at Money, who is slender and medium height, across the table.

"You're a liar yourself," cried Money hotly.

Crash! An inkstand from Hall's hand straight toward Money's head. The Mississippian dodged and the inkstand, after sprinkling everybody else present with ink, buried itself in the wall. Money grabbed a heavy iron paper-weight and sent it with electric speed toward Hall's head. The Missourian saw it coming and dodged just in time to save his life, while the weight crashed through the back of a heavy chair. As he dodged he snatched another inkstand from the table and flung it forward so swiftly that, ere Money could dodge, it caught him just below his right temple and knocked him from his chair to the floor.

From a gash several inches long blood spurted forth, while smaller streams flowed from several punctures made by pieces of the heavy inkstand, which broke in several parts. Hall then sprang for Money, who staggered to his feet, but Felix McCloskey, of New York (the committee's messenger), and several members jumped between the two men and stopped the fight.

Hall was taken to the end of the room. Money was led to a committee room below, leaving a trail of blood on the white stairfloor and steps. News of the fight sped quickly through the Capitol, and a crowd soon choked the corridors leading to the naval room, and when the tall Missourian came out followed him to the door of the house, into which he went and took his seat.

So far as Hall is concerned the matter would probably end where it is, but Money is full of the hot southern blood. He is reputed to have killed his man, or his son did some time ago. Conservative members who know him express the belief that there will be shooting before long, either in a duel or after a simple warning from Money to Hall to arm himself for the first meeting. Both men are fearless and unless one is taken unawares a decidedly lively and fierce conflict is probable. A physician dressed Money's wounds. After half an hour's work Money was taken to his hotel with his head and all of his face, save his eyes and nose, covered with bandages.

NEWS OF THE CUBAN SITUATION.

Gomez Is Dead and Alive Again—Attempts to Cross the Trocha.

NEW YORK, April 28.—A dispatch to The World from Havana says: The report is current that General Gomez had a leg amputated and died from effects of the operation.

Another report is that he is well and has arrived at Placetas, twenty miles west of Santa Clara.

The Spaniards are still concentrating troops along the trocha. There must be 50,000 now operating against General Maceo.

The Spanish assert that there is a quarrel between General Maceo and the white insurgent leaders; that Maceo does not trust the New York junta and is likely to demand supreme command of the whole insurgent army. General Maceo's friends deny this.

HAVANA, April 28.—A numerous band of insurgents attempted to pass the military line south of Tinajas, not far from Mariel, at the northern end of the trocha of Pinar del Rio. They were fired upon by the Spanish gunboat Alerta, and by the garrison of Fort Sanetias, and retreated before the troops could engage them at closer quarters.

Antonio Maceo has ordered all the small bands of insurgents in the province of Pinar del Rio to be disarmed in order that their weapons and ammunition may be used to strengthen his main body.

Hotel Men on the Grand Rounds.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24.—Five hundred members of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit association arrived here yesterday afternoon by special train from southern California. The visitors will be entertained by the local hotel proprietors and shown the sights of the city. This evening a banquet in their honor will be given.

THE DEATH RECORD.

"BILLY" WILLIAMS, well known Indianian, at Warsaw, Ind.

General N. L. JEFFRIES, veteran of the late war, at Washington.

FRANK B. VOSBURG, well known retired hotel man, at Waupaca, Wis.

DAVID H. JEROME, ex-governor of Michigan, at Watkins Glen, N. Y.

Dr. PHINEAS G. C. HUNT, well-known dentist and prominent Mason, at Indianapolis, Ind.

GEORGE MUNROE, the New York publisher, at his home in the Catskills.

Major C. G. FISHEY, ex-governor of Ohio, at San Buena Ventura, Cal.

Hon. MYRON E. KNIGHT, old time abolitionist, at Adrian, Mich.

J. L. STEWART, wealthy Iowa pioneer, at Council Bluffs.

Ex-Judge J. W. HOUSTON, noted politician, at Wilmington, Del.

CARL FLORSHUETZ, one of the founders of Mendota, Ills.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

NEWS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Telegraphic Items Received from Various Portions of the State Which Will Let the Readers Know What Is Going On—Crimes, Casualties and Other Matters.

GALENA, Ills., April 28.—Added to the Grant birthday celebration in this city was the additional feature of the first annual reunion of the Twelfth Illinois infantry regiment. The exercises of the day were inaugurated at 8:30, when a historic cannon, a recent gift of the United States government to the city of Galena, was mounted and unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in charge of members of the regiment, that regiment having formed a detachment of the Seventeenth army corps at the time the cannon was captured from the rebels at Cheraw. The reunion of the Twelfth regiment took place at the court house, where brief addresses were made by General John McArthur, of Chicago; Colonel Vansellars, of Paris, Ills.; General Chetlain, of Chicago, and others.

About 100 veterans of the Twelfth were present. The veterans joined the parade which met the Chicago party at half past one o'clock, and escorted by 150 cavalry moved to Turner hall, where the Grant memorial exercises were held. General John C. Black delivered the principal address. A banquet to the veterans was served at Turner hall during the evening, while a reception was tendered the Chicago guests at Turner hall.

Supposed Case of Murder Unearthed.

DECATUR, Ills., April 27.—The body of a man was found in the woods a mile east this city by three men hunting. The body had evidently been there several months. It was carefully covered with leaves, and sticks were on top to hold them down. In one pocket was a fully loaded revolver. The body is believed to be that of August Hackeman, of Staunton, this state, a coal miner who came here in February to work. He is known to have had $50 in his pockets. It is believed that the man was murdered for his money by tramps.

Deserted Their Young Babe.

PARIS, Ills., April 24.—J. H. Maguire and wife were arrested in this city Thursday by Detective George Girard of Danville. The man travels for the High Tower Iron company of Chicago Heights and was superintending the construction of the new water tower which is being built in this city. The couple are charged with abandoning their 3-weeks-old babe in Danville Tuesday night. Maguire wedded Miss Avis Adkinson, daughter of the chief of police at Rock Island, in August last, and the child was born in Dubuque, Ia.

Fatally Kicked by a Horse.

LINCOLN, Ills., April 24.—On Tuesday evening last as John Lampe, a prosperous farmer living near New Holland, was putting away his horses he was kicked in the stomach by one of them, causing injuries which caused his death Thursday night. He was 24 years of age and leaves a wife and infant child.

More Illinois Votes for McKinley.

LITCHFIELD, April 24.—The Republicans of the Eighteenth congressional district met in this city and nominated Hon. W. F. L. Hadley, of Madison county, for congress. The resolutions indorsed McKinley for president and when the resolutions were read there was cheering and hat throwing.

Struck Against Colored Men.

ALTON, Ills., April 27.—The white men engaged in building the State Street Electric railway went out on strike Friday morning. The cause of the strike was the refusal of the contractors to discharge the thirty colored men employed among the white laborers. The work on the line is at a standstill.

Miss Julia Stevenson's Marriage.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., April 25.—The marriage of Miss Julia Stevenson, elder daughter of Vice-President Stevenson, and Rev. Martin D. Hardin, of Kentucky, son of Hon. P. Wat Hardin, will occur at New York avenue Presbyterian church, Washington, D. C., May 28.

Sixteenth Illinois District.

JACKSONVILLE, April 24.—The Sixteenth congressional district Republican convention instructed the delegates, A. C. Matthews, of Pittsfield, and S. McKnight, of Girard, for McKinley. General Rinaker was nominated for congress.

Flag Indictments Dead.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., April 24.—The sheriff of this county failed to serve warrants on the governor and the trustees of the university during their stay here this week and it is believed the flag indictments are dead.

State Notes.

The annual meeting of the Illinois Humane society for the election of officers and miscellaneous business, including reports for the year ending April 30, 1896, will be held in the society's building, Chicago, Saturday, May 2, at 2:30 p. m.

George Rhoades was given a judgment for $3,000 at Marshall, Ills., against the Clark county supervisors because they refused to pay for his farm after it had been bought by a committee for a poor farm.

Mary Monahan, a pretty girl living at Arcola, Ills., has disappeared since Friday evening last and cannot be found. She is 16 years old. A young man is also missing.

Ex-State Senator C. Secrest died at Watseka, Ills., after a lingering illness of several months. He was born in North Carolina May 3, 1829.

Russell Search, an old settler and leading farmer near Watseka, Ill., was killed while crossing a railroad track.

Bill Taylor's Last Hope.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—Justice Brewer, of the United States supreme court, refuses to interfere in any way with the judgment of the Carroll county, Mo., circuit court, which sentenced Bill Taylor to be hanged April 30 for the murder of the Meeks family. The only hope left for Taylor is that Governor Stone will grant a respite.

Knights of Labor Boycott a Railway.

NEW YORK, April 28.—The general executive board of the Knights of Labor has declared a boycott against the Brooklyn Heights Railway company, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The action is based on alleged noncompliance with an agreement entered into between the company and certain members of the Knights of Labor.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The senate disposed of a few minor bills and after declining to set a time for the consideration of Call's resolution to send a fleet to Cuba proceeded with the Indian bill. There was a long debate for an amendment intended to stop outlawry in Indian territory, but it was ruled out on a point of order as general legislation. The bill was passed and the sundry civil bill taken up. An executive session was held.

The house adopted a resolution calling for information regarding the arrest of Rev. Diaz in Cuba. The pension bill was debated, McClellan of New York (General George B. McClellan's son) opposing it among others. Debate lasted all day and was pending at adjournment.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—The senate gave the day to the sundry civil appropriation bill without completing it. The debate was largely of a formal character. Contrary to custom the adjournment was taken to today instead of Monday. During the debate it developed that though congress had appropriated $100,000 for the expenses of the Venezuelan commission that body couldn't get enough to pay its rent because the treasury comptroller ruled that it could not be used for that purpose in the District. Peffer modified his bond sale resolutions by eliminating the imputations they contained on official honor.

The house proceeded with the Pickler pension bill and the whole day was consumed in the discussion of that measure. The debate was of little interest. The feature was the opposition of Connolly (Rep.) of Illinois to the section of the bill which granted pensions to the Confederate soldiers who deserted and joined the Union ranks ninety days before Lee's surrender. Outside of this the only business done was the passage of a few private pension bills, both at the day and night session.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—So great is the congestion of business in the postoffice here, owing to shipment of seeds by congressmen to their constituents, that the senate adopted a resolution asking the postmaster general to remedy the trouble. Sherman tried to have the bill taken up relating to fruit brandies and alcohol used in the arts. Chandler and Platt gave warning that consideration of the bill would bring up the whole question of the tariff. Sherman persisted and a vote was taken defeating Sherman's purpose—22 to 27. The sundry civil bill, amended in some particulars and increased in amount of appropriation from $30,000,000 to $37,000,000, was passed. Chandler asked for early action on the resolution to investigate Alabama elections and Allen (Pop.) stated that all the Populists would vote for it, thus securing its passage, if it were taken up. An executive session was held.

The house put in the day and held a night session until 10 p. m. on the Pickler pension bill. During the afternoon eulogies were pronounced on the late Representative Crain, of Texas.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—The senate took up the naval appropriation bill, and a long debate took place on an amendment prohibiting naval officers entering the service of iron and steel companies or others with whom the United States had dealings, and incidentally on the cost of armor plate. It was admitted that in the recent investigation of such cases no fraud had been shown attaching to naval officers thus employed. The debate was pending at adjournment.

By adopting a special order the house finished debate on the Pickler pension bill, the only amendment adopted being one making it easier for an applicant to prove his case. The vote will be taken first thing today as per special order. A few District bills were passed. Thirty-four Republicans voted against the special order for the pension bill.

No Danger for Rev. Knapp.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—There is no danger that the proper interests of Missionary Knapp, who is supposed to be now at Alexandretta, in the custody of the United States consular agent will be overlooked by the government. His delivery at Alexandretta into the hands of the United States consular agent was strictly in accordance with the agreement with the Turkish government.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 27.

Money on call easy at 2@4 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4½@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers bills at 483½@488¾ for demand and 487½@487¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 488@488½ and 489@489½; commercial bills, 486¾.

Silver certificates, 67¾@68¾; no sales; bar silver, 68; Mexican dollars, 54.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 117¾; do coupons, 118¾; 5's registered, 112½; 5's coupons, 113¾; 6's registered, 108¾; 6's coupons, 109½; 3's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of '97, 103.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 27.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 62¾c, closed 62¾c; May, opened 63½c, closed 63¾c; July, opened 64½c closed 64¼c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 29½c; May, opened 29¼c, closed 29¼c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 30¼c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 18½c; May, opened 19¼c, closed 18¾c; July, opened 19¾c, closed 19¼c. Pork—April, opened $8.32½, closed $8.17½; May, opened $8.32½, closed $8.17½. Lard—April, opened $4.95, closed $4.72½; May, opened $4.75, closed $4.72½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14c per lb; extra dairy 12½@13c; fresh packing stock, 7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9@9½c per doz. Live Poultry — Turkeys, 8@11c per lb; chickens, hens, 8½c; roosters, 5@5½c; ducks, 10c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 17@20c per bu.; mixed, 14@15c. Sweet potatoes $1.00@3.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to fancy, $2.50@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $3.00@7.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, April 27.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 43,000; sales ranged at $3.90@3.75 pigs, $3.45@3.75 light, $3.15@3.25 rough packing, $3.40@3.65 mixed and $3.35@3.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 8,000; quotations ranged at $3.85@4.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.60@3.95 good to choice do., $3.45@3.85 fair to good, $3.10@3.50 common to medium do., $3.15@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.50 stockers, $2.50@3.75 feeders, $1.50@3.70 cows, $2.40@4.75 heifers, $2.00@4.45 bulls, $3.10@4.25 Texas steers, and $3.00@4.75 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $3.00@3.70 westerns, $3.25@3.35 Texans, $2.50@3.85 natives, and $3.00@4.75 lambs.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, April 27.

Wheat — Cash white, 70c; cash red, 69c bid; May, 69c bid; July, 67½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday April 22.

Baron Hirsch, whose fame is world-wide for his skill as a financier and his philanthropy, died near Vienna yesterday, aged 63. He was best known in this country for his work in relieving the distress of Russian Jews oppressed by our great ally. He was a great friend of schools and in those and other benefactions spent money literally by the millions.

Herman Bansemer, of New York city, who was arrested in Chicago two weeks ago on a charge of forgery and taken back east, committed suicide in the Tombs. The autopsy showed that he died of arsenical poisoning.

Robert P. Burkhalter, treasurer of the University of Chicago Oratorical association, has received word from ex-President Harrison that the latter will be unable to preside at the coming meeting of the Northern Oratorical league.

The London Times has a dispatch from Paris which says that Pere Hyacinthe, the distinguished protesting priest, formerly Abbe Charles Loyson, will marry Laura, daughter of the late William Bucknell, an American. Pere Hyacinthe is 68 years old.

Thursday, April 23.

According to the Chicago bureau of vital statistics the death total for March was 1,988 and the ratio per thousand 1.24. The ratio for the corresponding month in 1895 was 1.33.

Mason & Davis, the oldest stove manufacturing firm at Chicago, has failed. Liabilities, $107,588.

Rose Emerson, 21 years old, and Tinnie Ferguson, three years her senior, walked many miles at Chicago trying in vain to secure employment. Then they took carbolic acid and tried to die, failing in this also.

Warrants have been issued by Judge Jewett at Meridian, Miss., for the arrest of Charles and John Torrance, Lewis Smith, Arnott Smith, Frank Bellson, Press Love, Charles Weatherford and Charles McNice, who are charged with the crime of whitecaping.

The American National bank, at Denver, has decided to liquidate, owing to poor business. All the depositors will be paid in full, probably.

One of the jurors in a divorce case before the district court at Denver is a woman.

Friday, April 24.

James Culberson, who shot and killed his wife in a fit of devilish jealousy, at Chicago, will probably recover, physicians at the hospital say.

Three ex-Americaines were presented at the last "drawing room," which was held by the princess of Wales, instead of the queen. They were Marlborough's duchess, nee Vanderbilt; Mrs. Curzon, nee Leiter, and Lady Bennet, whose native place was Tacoma.

According to figures received at Cleveland the women have lost the fight for representation in the conference of the Methodist church by eighteen votes in a total of over 8,000.

The French cabinet has resigned again and France has her not infrequent ministerial crisis on hand.

A dispatch from Mitchellstown, near Cork, announces the death there of the Fenian leader, J. S. Casey, who was one of the original "Land Leaguers."

Foreign insurance companies doing business in Missouri received premiums last year amounting in the aggregate to $11,648,384.

Saturday, April 25.

Arbor day was duly celebrated in a number of states yesterday, among them Iowa, Minnesota and Ohio.

Obituary: At Albion, Ind., George Washington Black, aged 89. At Whitehall, Ills., Judge L. T. Black, aged 85. At Elkhart, Ind., Joseph Puterbaugh, aged 72.

In view of the appointment of a Mussulman governor of Zeitoun, the ambassadors of the powers have formally demanded that the Turkish government respect its engagements and appoint a Christian governor.

Martin Bernaud, a merchant at Scott, La., was found dead in bed with his hands and feet securely tied and his mouth gagged. His safe was empty and $7,000 had been taken away. The autopsy showed there were fifty-two stiletto wounds about Bernaud's neck and breast.

While A. B. Walker's cutter, Ailsa, was becalmed off the coast of Morocco on her way to England, after taking part in the Mediterranean regattas, she was attacked by the Riffians, who fired upon her. A timely breeze enabled the yacht to escape.

Monday, April 27.

Joseph Windrath, convicted at Chicago of the murder of C. B. Birch, a street railway cash receiver, has been sentenced to be hanged May 15. Three murderers will swing that day in the Chicago jail.

An equestrian statue of General Grant was unveiled Saturday at Brooklyn with a fine parade and appropriate ceremonies.

The committee in charge of the laying of the corner-stone of the eastern Illinois State Normal school, at Charleston, has set May 27 as the day.

The supreme court of Maschusetts has declared the law unconstitutional that gave veterans the right of way under certain limitations to all vacant offices in city or state.

Mrs. Ludwig, insane, was arrested at Laramie, Wyo., while en route to kill the governor because of the action of the state land board in dispossessing her of some land.

People in Cleveland gave a "calico" ball to raise money to save the neck of a miscreant who murdered his wife.

Woman's Work

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain and renew the wasting of nerve, muscle and tissue. The only remedy for tired, weak, nervous women is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer, like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For troubles *Peculiar to Women* at change of season, climate or life, great cures are made by

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LINES.

[Suggested on reading the resolution passed by the Ladies' Memorial association of Columbia, wherein they refused to decorate any other graves than those of the Confederate soldiers.]

Let the brave and the noble rest in peace?
Let the warrors slumber on!
They are free from the battle's din and roar,
They have waded the river of crimson gore—
Then leave their ashes alone.

'Twere better that only the dews of the morn
Bedecked their graves than that woman's scorn
Should snap the garland of blue and of gray
And hurl the purest motives away
That e'er bloomed in a nation's heart.

Then leave their warrior couches alone.
Let the daisy starred sod and the crumbling bone
All mingle and waste away,
For 'tis better they rest in innocent sleep,
For now as they slumber they clasp hands of peace;
And vile hate is purged away.

But should woman's hand creep calmly down
And cast flowerets only on loved ones' mounds,
Forgetting the Christian creed?
Why, the dead bones fain would rise in their sleep
And clasp o'er the chasm and blood stained deep
That pardoning hand of peace.

'Tis better disturb not their pure, peaceful sod.
They are garlanded already by garlands from God,
For the blue tinted violet and grass tuft of gray
Will rest on both mounds free from strife or display.
And the pearl bars of Eden on Memorial day
Are always then lowered that spirits may pay
To their crumbling caskets that dwell with the clay.

But, oh, should those heroes, now brothers in God,
See strife and contention made over their sod,
See mothers and sisters they once deemed as true
Now shatter the garland of gray and of blue,
They'd turn from the scene, with their pinions bedewed,
And plead for forgiveness from Father and God
That he would in pardoning pity look down
And pluck out the thorn from the garland and crown!

GENIE ORCHARD STOVALL.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

How well I remember it all! We were sitting round the fire in the oak parlor of the old Dower House at Cromer—mother, Aunt Lettie and I. Dear Aunt Lettie, how beautiful she was still despite her snow white hair, and though she was 38, her complexion was as fresh and bright as any young girl's. We were chatting over the peace just proclaimed—the peace that ended the long war with France; the war that lasted 20 years.

I was at my mother's feet watching the faces gather among the glowing embers—they were ever the same face to me, the face of dear Jack Pendarves. Perhaps I ought not to say he was my lover, though we had been sweethearts since we were children, but he had been away at the wars three years, and my mother would hear of no engagement and would permit me to do no more than write and receive an occasional letter. Still, I had broken a sixpence with Jack when we parted; and, as I softly touched my half, which I always carried, I prayed that my love had been true to me, as I knew I had been to him. Yet I feared; for had he not been everywhere, and surely he had seen many faces fairer than mine?

"I suppose," said my mother, "Major Pendarves will be coming home now. Well, Sir John and Lady Pendarves will be thankful. Come in, Martha. What is it?"

"Please ma'am, a letter from Sir John; a man from the Hall has just ridden over with it."

"What is it, Mary?" inquired my aunt of my mother, who was reading the note through a second time. "No ill news, I trust."

"Oh, no. Read it yourself, Letitia."

"Of course the child cannot go, as she has nothing to wear. There is not even time to get her a dress from Norwich, still less from London, as you know I intended."

"Cannot go where?" I ventured. "Is it anything about me?"

"Yes, my dear. Sir John writes that the masquerade given to celebrate the return of their son is to take place a month earlier than was at first arranged. In fact, it is fixed for today week, as Jack—Major Pendarves, I should say—is expected on that day."

"Jack coming back on Wednesday! Oh, mother, cannot I go? I must go. I have been so looking forward to it. I have not seen Jack, dear Jack, for three years. I wonder if he has altered, if he has forgotten me. Oh, only seven days more, and he will be here and I shall see him again. Oh, mother, cannot I go?"

"Well, child, I do not see how you can. You have nothing that would do, and, you know, I could not get a dress from anywhere nearer than Norwich, and I should not like you to go in anything—your first ball too."

"I should so like to go, mother. Cannot we manage anyhow?"

Aunt Letitia, who had been turning the letter over and over thoughtfully in her white hands while we talked, said:

"Mary, there is that dress, you know, which was to have been my wedding gown. If Lettie likes she may wear it. Hoops and powder would do for a masquerade. They were worn 20 years ago."

"My dear Letitia," cried my mother, betraying her surprise alike in face and voice, "you surely cannot mean that?"

"Yes, Mary. It may as well be of some use at last. Lettie is a good girl, are you not, my dear?" patting my head, "and I don't want her to be disappointed."

I must tell something of my dear aunt's life, that you may understand why my mother and I were touched to surprise. Twenty years before my aunt, then 18, and the belle of Dawlish (some said of Devonshire), was engaged to be married to handsome Gilbert Tresillian. It was a splendid match in every way, for he was young, rich, amiable. He was an orphan, untroubled by any undesirable relatives, and, moreover, he had an ample income arising from money in the funds.

Gilbert Tresillian came to stay in Dawlish, where my grandfather then lived, at the Mill House, a charming old place some four miles from the town, surrounded by magnificent gardens, sloping terrace to the sea—gardens the admiration of the west country. The day before the wedding he spent there, returning in the evening to the Red Lion at Dawlish. My aunt walked with him about a mile through the gardens, where they parted until the morrow, and from that moment Gilbert Tresillian was never seen or heard of again. He disappeared as completely from mortal ken as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

The country was scoured, the shore beneath the cliff was searched—but not the slightest trace could be found. My poor aunt came near to dying with brain fever, and when she recovered her beautiful hair was white as snow. My grandfather removed from a place whose every object brought back some tearful memory to his daughter, and when, soon after, he died, Aunt Lettie came to live with us in Cromer. Though only a little thing, I recall perfectly the day she came, for I thought I had never seen any one so sweet and yet so sad. None had ever heard Aunt Lettie laugh, none had even seen her smile, yet she was cheerful always and ready to help every one. All this happened 20 years ago, and though many had sought her hand she was still true to the memory of Gilbert Tresillian.

During the next few days I could think and talk of nothing save the coming masquerade and Jack's return.

But be the day never so weary or long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.

And so at length the eventful evening arrived. Aunt and mother dressed me in petticoat and train of loveliest white brocade, trimmed with filmy honiton lace. Mother dropped many a furtive tear, recalling the bride that was to have been, whose romance of love was cut short in such a mysterious fashion, but aunt said never a word till I was dressed, and then, turning to my mother, she exclaimed:

"She looks better, Mary, than I should have done, and, after all, you see, it has not been utterly wasted. But you must let me powder your hair, Lettie. Every one wore powder when I was young."

At last I was ready, just as the lumbering old chariot drew up to the door.

The drive to the Hall, the hedges and trees sparkling with frost in the brilliant moonlight, the hammer, hammer of the horses' hoofs upon the iron bound road; the first sight of the Hall, as we drove up the avenue, all its windows illuminated; the faint sound of the music borne upon the still night air; then the entry into the brilliantly lighted rooms; Sir John and Lady Pendarves' hearty welcome—all come back to me now. I suppose my entrance made a sensation. I was conscious of a buzz of admiration as I passed through the assembled guests.

"Why, Lettie, my dear," exclaimed Lady Pendarves, "how beautiful you look! I declare your hoops and powder become you mightily. But come along, child, let me take you to Jack. He has been asking for you ever since he came back." And, taking my hand in her jeweled one, "Lettie, my dear, if you could"—

Just at this moment up came Jack (Major Pendarves he was now), looking handsome in his hussar uniform, yet just the same merry, smiling Jack of old. He was my partner in the new dance, called the waltz, just introduced from abroad—a dance that my mother did not quite approve as she considered it too familiar for young men and maidens, but which I found very agreeable with Jack for partner.

"Well, Lettie, you have grown quite a woman now, and I suppose have quite forgotten your old sweetheart?"

"Oh, Jack, how can you? I have my half here," touching my pocket. "Can you say as much?"

"Yes, dear, that I can. I have never parted with it. It has been with me through every battle—my talisman of safety and love."

What need to tell again the old story, ever sweet, that men will love to tell and women to hear as long as the world endures; suffice it that ere the dance had ended I had promised to be his wife.

"Oh, Jack," I said, as he was leading me back to Lady Pendarves, "I felt almost wicked to accept you. You know I have not a penny, and my dress," I added with a laugh, "is Aunt Lettie's."

"I don't care if you haven't a penny. I have enough for both, and I want you for yourself and not for your money."

Lady Pendarves was delighted and Sir John was kind, and so it was settled that, with my mother's permission, we were to be married ere Jack rejoined his regiment.

"And now," said Lady Pendarves, "you must really go and dance with some of the other guests and leave Lettie to me."

I was sitting, oh, so happy, by Sir John, who was making all sorts of plans for our future, when I saw a tall gentleman, dressed in foreign uniform, making his way through the guests toward the recess where we were. I had noticed him several times before in the course of the evening regarding me most attentively.

As he was evidently coming to speak to us I said:

"Who is this gentleman, Sir John?"

"Oh, my dear, a Mr.—Mr.—tut, tut, I forget his name for the moment—a friend of Jack's, who came over from France with him and is staying a few days with us."

By this time the gentleman had made his way across the hall, and stood bowing to us.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" he inquired.

I was going to reply "No," for I wanted to rest till Jack came back to me, when Sir John said, "Yes, Lettie, child, do." So, of course, I was obliged to say, "With pleasure."

My partner, who was certainly uncommonly handsome and tall, almost as handsome and tall as Jack, only much older, was silent for the time, and then said suddenly:

"Pray pardon my curiosity, but are you a native of this country? You are so like some one I knew years ago, the likeness is quite startling."

"Yes, I was born here in Cromer."

"Ah," he replied with a sigh, "I was foolish to think of such a thing. Of course, it could not be," to himself, and then to me, "I only returned to England a few weeks ago, and am trying to trace a Miss Treherne."

"Why, that is my name," I answered, quite startled.

"But the Miss Treherne I am searching for is almost as old as I am, and you—you are not more than 18. Besides, you say you were born in Cromer, and she was a native of Dawlish."

"Why, you must mean dear Aunt Lettie, my father's sister," I said. "We came from Dawlish here."

"Is your aunt married?" asked my partner breathlessly.

"No."

"Thank God!" I am sure I heard him mutter under his breath.

"No," I said. "Aunt had a terrible disappointment years ago. Her lover was killed—fell over the cliff, we think—the day before they were to have been married, and aunt has never cared for any one since."

"Thank God!" my strange partner said this time aloud. "My child, I ought to explain, to introduce myself. I should have done so at first, but the likeness was so striking. I thought perhaps you were her daughter. My name is Tresillian, Gilbert Tresillian. Ah, I see you know," noticing my start. "I was not killed on that awful night. I was captured by the press gang."

"Yes, yes," I said. "Go on."

"I made a desperate fight for liberty, but what was one against so many? I was soon knocked insensible, and when I recovered consciousness I was on shipboard, bound for the Mediterranean. The next day a gale sprang up, our vessel was separated from the rest, and we were captured, after a sharp engagement, by the enemy. I was landed, wounded and a prisoner, and have remained a prisoner ever since. I tried to communicate with England, but was discovered, and in consequence was transferred to another prison, this time in Switzerland, and only the entry of the allies into Paris gave me my freedom. I came to England, hurried to Dawlish, to find that Miss Treherne had left years ago, and that no one knew her whereabouts. I returned to London to settle matters with my agents and instruct them to continue the search, and then accepted the invitation of Major Pendarves, whom I had met in Paris, to spend a short time with him. And you think Letitia—Miss Treherne, I mean—has not forgotten me?"

"Yes, I am sure," I said; "quite sure. Oh, I am so glad. You don't know Aunt Lettie." Noticing an amused smile on his face: "Oh, I had forgotten. Well, she is just the sweetest, dearest woman in the world, and I am so glad. It is just like a story. Now take me back to Sir John and tell him."

Jack and Sir John, Mr. Tresillian and I, were soon deep in explanations and congratulations, and I am afraid for a time the other guests had to look after themselves. It was arranged that Jack and Mr. Tresillian should accompany me home that very night.

"Lettie, my child," said Lady Pendarves, with a merry twinkle in her eye as I was leaving, "unless I am much mistaken, we shall be having two Miss Trehernes married instead of one."

How happy I was that night! I kept touching my half of the broken sixpence in its blue silk bag in my pocket. It had, indeed, brought me luck. However, the happiest day must end, and so I suppose must a merry evening. Jack and I and Mr. Tresillian were soon rolling over the frost bound roads toward home, I with my hand in Jack's, supremely happy, and Mr. Tresillian telling us his experience as a prisoner in France. Poor fellow, how I pitied him! At last we arrived at the Dower House, and it was agreed that I should go in first and break the news to my mother and aunt. Mother came into the hall to meet me.

"Well, my child, have you enjoyed yourself? But, there, I need not ask you—you look radiant."

"Oh, mother dear," laying my hand on her shoulder, "I am so happy. Jack has asked me, and if you consent, we are to be married at Christmas." For answer my mother kissed me. "And, mother, Jack is here, and some one else, whom you and aunt, too, will be glad to see—an old friend."

"An old friend? But, my dear child, why don't you bring them in?"

"Jack, dear," I cried, "come in, both of you. Oh, mother, dearest," I said, half laughing and half crying, "he was not killed. He did not die."

"Was not killed? What do you mean?" replied my mother turning round as Jack, followed by Mr. Tresillian, came up the hall. My mother put out both hands to take Jack's, and then, catching sight of Mr. Tresillian's face, exclaimed, "Merciful heaven, Gilbert!"

"Yes, Mary, it is I. Not dead, as you see. And Lettie?"

"Is waiting still, Gilbert. Oh, Major Pendarves, I am so glad. Lettie has told me. And, now, child, go into the oak parlor and break the news to your aunt. No, perhaps I had better. Gilbert, come when I call." Jack and I went over to the fire, and in a few minutes mother's voice called, "Gilbert, Gilbert, come quick!"

Mother soon rejoined us, and together in the firelight we talked over our plans, Jack saying I must go to London and be presented at court on my marriage. There is little else to tell. As Lady Pendarves had said, there were two Miss Trehernes married together, and though Jack would never agree with me, I always said Aunt Lettie looked the better of the two.—Exchange.

TAMED THE PLUMBER

THE BOY HELPER WHO WAS TOO STRONG FOR THE BUSINESS.

A Talented Journeyman Who Had One Fault, Which Has Been Cured Recently by an Employer's Novel Plan—On His Guard Now Against "Ringers."

This is the story of the taming of the journeyman plumber. The journeyman plumber was the best of his kind in town, and was much sought after by boss plumbers. As one of them described his talents, "He can sling more material into a job in the greatest length of time than any man in the business." But the journeyman plumber was, with all his talents, a hard man to keep employed on account of his irascibility. His temper was shorter than a rabbit's tail, and he took out his indignation and his headaches and rows with his wife on his helpers.

A helper to a journeyman plumber is a youth who lays out tools, holds pipe, hands the journeyman his solder and his soldering iron, and who carries back and forth the journeyman's bag of tools and his furnace. He is a journeyman in embryo, and the first thing he learns is implicit obedience to his journeyman and not to be too swift. Plumbers call him "cub" and "kid."

This particular journeyman abused his helpers. When things went wrong he usually caught his helper by the ear and swatted him. The result was that the helpers returned to the shop and told the boss they lacked the talent for plumbing and quit. As a result the available helper timber was rapidly becoming exhausted.

The boss plumber did not wish to lose his journeyman, but he was almost at the end of his list of helpers. Consequently he thought. After much labor he produced an idea. He went down to a resort kept by a "professor." It was a dingy place, with a sloppy bar and fly specked mirror on one side and a row of barrels on the other. The walls were covered with boxing gloves and highly colored pictures of men in fighting attitudes. As the result of a conference between the boss plumber and the "professor," a stunted youth, very broad across the shoulders, was called up.

"I want a boy to learn the plumber's trade," said the boss plumber.

"Well, you'll have to guess again," said the stunted youth. "There ain't no money in it. Maybe four or five a week, eh? I can knock that out of the punchin bag in here, see?"

He meant that he could earn $5 a week teaching half baked sports to punch the bag.

"I'll give you $2.50 a day to see how you like the plumber's business," said the plumber.

"I'll go you," said the stunted youth.

The next morning the stunted youth appeared at the plumber's shop in overalls and a little round cap with a peak. He was told to go out with the journeyman plumber. Together they went to a big vacant building to set up an iron pipe. They were sent to the vacant building that there might be no family there to be shocked should anything occur. On the car the stunted youth endeavored to become acquainted with the journeyman, but the journeyman was sullen and the acquaintance stopped.

When the building was reached the journeyman said, "Scatter them tools." The tools were scattered about, so that when one was needed some little time was consumed in picking it out. The pipe was several inches in diameter, and the game was to pile one joint upon another and solder it there, and so to the top of the building. The pipes were heavy and four times as tall as the stunted youth. As a result, it was difficult for him to hold them up straight. At last the journeyman, who was on a ladder soldering, looked down and said:

"Gol darn you. If you don't hold that pipe up straight, I'll come down and bend your face!"

At this the stunted youth dropped the pipe and said: "All right. Come down and bend me face." The journeyman had never been talked to like this before, and he "came down."

When it was all over, the journeyman went home in a carriage with a man holding his head in his lap. The stunted youth walked back to the shop.

"Say," he said to the boss, "I'm too strong for the plumbin business. Guess I'll quit."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the boss.

"Oh, that guy you sent me out wid started to bend me face. De doc's took him home in a hack. Say, his face is hard," and he rubbed his knuckles.

"All right," said the boss. "If you've got to quit, here's your $2.50, but I think you'd make a great plumber."

The next morning the journeyman plumber walked into the shop. He was a sight.

"Wot kind of a murderer was that you sent out with me yesterday?" he asked, out of the uncovered corner of his mouth. "Say, he beat me scandalous with a piece of lead pipe." And the boss laughed a loud, scornful laugh, for he knew that the journeyman had been tamed. And, sure enough, thereafter the journeyman treated his helpers as tenderly as sons, for he never knew when he might run against another "ringer."—Kansas City Star.

The Pulley Line Man.

An occupation that has sprung up with the growth of flats is that of the pulley line man. The pulley line man goes about with a coil of line over his arm, and he is ready to provide line or to put in order lines already up. Sometimes lines get jammed in the pulley blocks. He will clear them. Clothes left out over night may, if a high wind should arise, get all twisted up on the line. The pulley line man will free them. He has a route and appears regularly at certain houses on certain days. His coming may be counted upon, and he will do anything that needs to be done about pulley lines.—New York Sun.

A Mother of Pearl House.

Odd habitations are to be found all over California. Sometimes there is a good reason for them being odd, but often it is the result of some crank idea. On the beach near Cypres point, in Monterey county, there is one that cannot come under the first head and hardly under the last.

The residence belongs to a Chinese fisherman and is part natural and part the work of his own hands. The natural portion of the house is a small cave in one of the many rocks that stick up all over the beach. The other part is a sort of wooden shed which has been built in front of this opening. The lumber used is of the roughest kind, but the æsthetic Chinaman overcame this objection by covering the whole outside with abalone shells, the hollow side being turned out.

The Chinaman evidently did that many years ago, when the shells were plentiful and had scarcely any market value. Every shell used has been destroyed, as one or more nails have been driven through them according to their size. Some of the shells are magnificent in color and enormous in size. There is one at least 15 inches in diameter, and a duplicate in good condition could not be bought in San Francisco for any price. Most of the larger shells, if they were not punctured with nail holes, would readily sell for from $3 to $5 apiece. But that size cannot be had in the market now and would be difficult to find on the rocks of any part of the coast.

The general effect of the house, when the sun strikes it at the proper angle, is dazzling. The polished, pearly surfaces sparkle with astounding brilliancy and flash with all the colors of the rainbow. It is a pleasing and surprising sight, and the only pity is that so many beautiful shells were destroyed to produce it.—San Francisco Call.

Libretto, First, Last and All the Time.

First and foremost the composer must provide himself with a good libretto. On this we should say roundly the whole fortune of the piece depends. A good libretto will make amends for bad music, but good music will never make amends for a bad libretto. If the libretto is light, the music need not necessarily be flimsy. Indeed, we can promise the composer that he may indulge his most recondite vein at times without danger, and throughout the opera may write his very best and most valued music. The libretto will correct him when he is inclined to prose and become tedious. It will keep him from tripping. It will be his salvation if he has any theories. Whatever he does, the opera will succeed—only provided that he has a good libretto.

In the second place, he must provide himself with a good libretto. On this we should say roundly the whole fortune of the piece depends. The best music in the world, which sounds elegant, and even sublime, in the concert room, if by any means it could be transmuted into the music of the theater, would fall flat and meaningless if linked with a bad libretto, so inextricably are the two intermingled—so important is a good libretto to the composer.

In the third place, he must by all means provide himself with a good libretto, for without it he can do nothing. In the fourth place, he must do the same, and having obtained the libretto he has only to sit down and write the very best music which his training and his genius admit of, and with a good libretto his opera will be a success.—Fortnightly Review.

About Opium.

Opium is extracted from the matter which exudes from the green, unripened capsule of the poppy. This matter is gathered in little globular particles of amber color by means of special instruments. It is put in earthen pots, carefully covered and transported to the laboratories of the English government, where it is massed in balls the size of a Dutch cheese.

These masses are covered by the petals of the plant, which have been reduced to powder, in order to prevent their adhering to each other. After being dried methodically the masses are packed and sent to Calcutta, the market which supplies all Asia. A public adjudication of the stock takes place every week.

The average price of a case of 40 of the masses described above, weighing each in the neighborhood of 1,800 drams, is 2,000 francs.

From this raw opium is made the "chendoo," the name under which is designated the opium of the smokers.

The preparation is a very delicate one, and only the Chinese know how to get the best results. Consequently after the conquest of Indo-China by the French the government was obliged to respect the prejudices of its new subjects and concede the growth and traffic in opium, imposing upon it a small tax.

In 1882 M. LeMyre de Vilers, having fixed the amount of revenue to be gathered from the opium trade at 7,000,000 francs, the Chinese refused to submit to the tax. An establishment was then opened at Saigon, where, since that time, the opium has been manufactured under the surveillance of the government and sold by its special agents.—Chicago Record.

Love Will Find a Way.

The Boston Post tells a story of a young man who is forbidden to call on or write to the girl with whom he is deeply in love, and by whom he is loved. He manages to circumvent the vigilance of her parents by whistling popular airs, she answering on the piano. He walks by the house, for instance, piping "Alice, Where Art Thou?" In good time he hears "Home, Sweet Home," played within. After a turn around the block he starts on "Oh, Nannie, Wilt Thou Gang Wi' Me?" Perhaps the return will be "Where Are You Going To?" A few bars of "Come Into the Garden, Maud," convey to her the tip, and the opening of "All's Well" on the piano tells him everything is understood.

THOUGHT IT WAS A "PIANO TALK."

An Abstracted Clerk Who Got Into Trouble With an Inquisitive Guest.

An absentminded clerk and an inquisitive guest managed to get tangled up in an argument at the Waldorf that almost led to blows. Both were perfectly innocent in the matter, but enough ill feeling was engendered to justify an international dispute. The Waldorf has on the first floor a reception room and parlor. This is utilized for all kinds of entertainments. One day an art sale is held there, the next a display of fancy work, perhaps a musicale the next, and so on. One afternoon a musical programme was given in this reception room and that was what caused all the trouble. The door leading to the room, which is usually open to all, was watched by an attendant who demanded cards. This aroused the curiosity of the inquisitive guest. He walked around the corridor eying the room from every possible point of vantage, and then walked up to the desk and said to the clerk, who was writing in a huge ledger:

"What's going on in there?"

The clerk jabbed his pen in the inkstand and replied tersely, "I guess it's a bird recital."

Then he continued his writing with never a quiver of an eyelash. The inquisitive guest contracted his eyebrows; then he looked for a lurking gleam of amusement in the clerk's eye, but found none. Then he turned and wandered into the cafe to think over the problem. After due deliberation he came to the conclusion that it was not all straight, and he came back. He expected to see the clerk give some sign of amusement when he approached the desk, but instead the man behind the onyx was immersed more deeply than ever in the big book. The guest repeated his question, saying:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk never raised his eyebrows, but muttered something about "four and seven make eleven and"—adding hurriedly:

"I don't know, but I think it's a piano talk."

The mystery was deepening; the inquisitive man saw no way out of the difficulty except to go and see for himself. He could detect nothing in the clerk's manner that warranted him in believing that he was being made the butt of a joke, but he was confident that it was not all straight. So he walked up and purchased a ticket and went inside. In a few moments he came out, and he had a look of set determination upon his face. He walked up to the desk and in a rough voice he demanded:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk was startled at the gruff tone and looked up from his book. He saw that the man was angry clear through, and he wondered at his persistency in asking about the entertainment. He said quietly:

"I said I was not sure, but I thought it was a piano recital."

"No, you didn't," thundered the inquisitive man.

"What did I say?" asked the clerk meekly.

"You said first it was a bird recital," said the man. "And then you said it was a piano talk, and now you say it's a piano recital. I am not in the habit of being gayed, and you knew what it was all the time, for you told me straight enough when you knew I had found out. I paid $3 just to find out what was going on in that hole, so I could catch you straight. You are altogether too recent for this place. I don't"— The guest might have gone on talking indefinitely had not the clerk apologized in a most penitent manner. He said contritely:

"Well, you see it is this way. We have bird talks, piano recitals, musicales, picture exhibitions and I don't know how many other kinds of affairs in there. I was busy with the books and I got tangled up. I did not mean to mislead you." The guest was mollified, but he is not sure yet that he was not being "jollied," to use his own expression.—New York Tribune.

The Biographer.

The biographer is bound to supply all the facts that effectually distinguish one man's characteristics and exploits from those of his neighbor, and while the normal development of devotional sentiment or domestic virtue is in this connection immaterial any departure from the normal development demands examination. Deviations from religious orthodoxy present no special difficulties, but much discretion in dealing with a life's moral disfigurement is enjoined on the national biographer. The smallness of the scale on which he works requires him to preserve a very just proportion between the various parts of his memoir, and he must give no more space to man's lapses from virtue than their effect on his achievement justifies. Breaches of conventional morality consequently often sink into insignificance in national biography and merit no notice at all. But whenever the lapses from public or private duty are notorious or chronic the biographer's duty is plain. He has frankly to describe them.

The marital adventures of Byron, Nelson or Parnell, Coleridge's indulgence in opium, Porson's indulgence in drink, the crimes that have occasionally blackened the exploits of great explorers, are not only legitimate—they are essential topics in national biography. For the biographer to suppress them is to fail in a primary obligation. He must of course so handle such matters as to give as little pain as possible to friends or relatives who may be injured by the recital. The evidence must be conclusive, and should be briefly summed up with all the sobriety of a judge.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Compromise.

"I am willing to give up eating pie with a knife," said the fond father to his solicitous daughter, "if I may also give up signing checks with a pen. Is it a go?"

It went not.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MAY 2, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Twelve Temptations."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Thomas W. Keene.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"An Officer of the 92."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mme Sara Bernhardt.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Tony Pastor.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Monte Carlo Girl."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Inside Track."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"'Tis not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Doyle.*

ABOUT "THE IRISH OUTLOOK."

Ireland, with a population of about 4,500,000 people, and a small birth rate, is declining at the rate of 50,000 souls a year. Yet the English editorial liar is abroad, shouting hosannahs over Irish prosperity, and boasting that Ireland has in her savings banks seven millions seven hundred thousand pounds sterling—just enough to pay the English charge for occupying her soil and collecting her customs, aye and spending them on the British army, navy and civil service, a single year. What a prosperous country Ireland must be, when each of her inhabitants can boast of a pro rata, in American money, of about six dollars per head in the savings banks! And six dollars in a savings bank, according to the Englishman's estimate of the Irish character, can purchase an Irishman's love of English rule! Such an estimate is the grossest insult that can be offered a race. We have known unfortunate creatures of Irishmen to take the English shilling, and fight the battles of the bloody empire, but, in their hearts, they often cursed the felon flag they carried to victory. The Irish police, or constables, get somewhat better pay for acting as the jailers of their country, but even some of those mercenaries, degraded as they are, must curse the hour when they first put on the livery of shame. The soldiers and the peelers are, generally, the riff-raff of Ireland, at least in these days, and nobody wonders that they sell themselves to the English devil at a very low figure, but to charge the average undrilled Irishman with being loyal, because he is supposed to have six dollars in a savings bank, is simply monstrous.

The London Spectator, a bitter English organ, of the Tory pattern, in a long editorial on "The Irish Outlook," published recently, says:

"As we have said above, prosperity is not the soil in which Irish agitation flourishes easily. A bona fide national movement goes as well, if not indeed better, in good times. Milan did not yearn to be free from the Austrian yoke less, but more, when she was prosperous, and the New Englanders did not wait for bad times to withstand the Stamp act. On the other hand, a manufactured and factitious national movement needs misery and the restlessness which comes from poverty to propel it as an engine propels a train. It is only when the engine of discomfort and hard times has got steam up that the political trucks will move in Ireland. This fact is clearly recognized by the Nationalist leaders; witness their recent utterances. Mr. John Redmond, speaking in Dublin on Tuesday, virtually admitted that for the present the game of anarchy and agitation was up, and that the work of making government in Ireland impossible had itself become impossible. If, said Mr. Redmond, the government did not do certain things, then only one thing would remain for Ireland, and that would be to declare war upon the government. He added, however, that he should not be frank if he said that the Irish people were in a position to enter on a war, even with the weakest government, with a light heart. 'The power of National Ireland had been broken, and its spirit to a large extent had been crushed. Their political opponents, the Anti-Parnellites, were demoralized. In parliament they were despised. They did not attend there; their spokesman attracted no attention and commanded no respect. Their ablest men had either left them or had been degraded to the ranks. The most incompetent men and the most impossible men for the position had been made the parliamentary leaders, and their recent selections for parliament had brought further discredit upon their party. Their organization was shattered, their funds bankrupt, and their credit exhausted.' Yet, he continued, these men represented the large majority of the Nationalist electors of Ireland and the great bulk of the farmers of Ireland. 'English politicians knew these things, and the Irish land bill would be good or bad just as the government thought fit to make it. The Irish people had or had not the power of making the situation intolerable for them.' If this is not admitting that the sacred cause of Irish anarchy is, for the time at any rate, played out, what is it? Mr. Redmond only commands a fraction of the Irish vote, and his party does not grow. But he admits, and it is impossible to contradict him, that the rest of the Nationalists are impotent. Clearly something has entirely taken the heart out of the Irish party. That something is, we believe, the prosperity of Ireland. If it lasts, and we see no reason why it should not, we have, we believe, seen the last of dangerous Irish agitation for many years to come."

The Englishman is amusingly wrong, when he surmises that prosperity has "taken the heart out of the Irish party." No, it is faction that has done it—faction, the old demon, never absent long from patriotic councils, that has won more victories for England in Ireland than the "archers of Strongbow," the mace of Mountjoy, "the Ironsides of Cromwell," and the Hessians and Yeomen of Castlereagh.

Yes, feud and faction still it was
In ev'ry field of our story
That did our country's fortune cross
And tore down all her glory;
And this we saw, and this we felt,
But still God's warning slighted,
Till a clinging curse on us was dealt—
The curse of the disunited!

Even if united the so-called Irish party in the English commons, would find it difficult to obtain anything worth the having from Ireland's enemies, but divided and distracted as they are they fall below contempt—even English contempt. The Irish electors, with "lunatic fatuity," have returned again to parliament men notoriously unfitted to represent them—thus rivalling the worst vice of American politics. The foes of the Irish charge them ever with a desire to "pull down" their ablest men, even in this country. They charge them with picking up supple schemers or pliant tools, instead of men of grasp and ability. THE CITIZEN does not take that view, although in Ireland, as well as in the United States, the result at the polls often bears out the charge of the enemy. We Irish, as a rule, do not pick out our ablest men to represent us in public bodies. We generally pick out professional politicians, smart wire-pullers, and good manipulators of nominating conventions. Some of the ablest Irishmen at home and abroad are never heard of in connection with representative office, and, when such are occasionally chosen, they are often, because of want of political pliancy, relegated to the background. While O'Connell and Parnell ruled supreme in Irish politics, they frequently picked out brilliant colleagues, but, in general, their selections were mediocre. They were men chosen to obey, not to lead; but the genius of the chiefs made up for the shortcomings of the followers.

Harold Frederick, the American newspaper correspondent in England, paints a dreary picture of the personnel of the present Irish party in London. Healy and about twenty-five followers have seceded from Dillon, and there, too, is the Redmond faction. Frederick says that, barring three or four, there is no man of marked ability in the Irish party at present, and adds "The Irish cause is eternal and will always arise in some shape, but the present movement for home rule is dead," and we agree with him. It would be a good thing for Ireland if her misrepresentatives in London would "accept the Chiltern Hundreds," which means in plain American to resign, one by one, and allow their country to escape the disgrace of their accursed bickerings in the English parliament. We much fear they will not do this, but, on the contrary, will remain so much proud flesh in the wounds of Ireland. Until it is removed her wounds cannot heal.

There will be no revival of patriotic sentiment in Ireland until the people turn their backs on London and look at home and to friends outside, the world over, for relief. That relief can only come over the same rugged and bloody road that it travelled when Greece, Hungary and Bulgaria became free. The Irish in Ireland, instead of wasting time and words over make-shift land bills, ought to prepare themselves for sterner work. England trembles on the brink of a warlike abyss. It may not be this year, or the year after, but she is bound to tumble into it, and then France and Russia, mayhap America, too, will pile rocks on her carcass.

THE BOER PRESIDENT SNUBS ENGLAND.

The war cloud that has been for some time slowly rising between Great Britain and Germany grows larger in South Africa. On Monday three Englishmen, Col. Francis Rhodes, brother of the notorious Cecil of that ilk, Messrs. Lionel Phillips and G. Farrar, and John Hayes Hammond, an American, who ought to have had more common-sense, were condemned to death for high treason, to which they had pleaded guilty, in a Transvaal court of justice. Their fate now rests enterely in the hands of President Kruger, who is very likely to extend executive clemency to the convicts, although he must naturally feel indignant at England's cowardly attempt to subvert his government by an underhand, sneak-thief policy. The dishonest rascal who is now at the head of England's colonial affairs of state, Judas Chamberlain, has been laboring for months to inveigle President Kruger to London for a "conference." "Oom Paul," as he is called, is far too sensible an old Dutchman to be caught in such a trap. If he were fool enough to go to London, the English detectives would find means to stuff his trunk with dynamite bombs, or else place him in the meshes of some clever adventuress. Chamberlain is not above resorting to either of these devices, and Paul Kruger has his measure to a nicety. There is an abject, as well as a presumptuous, tone in Chamberlain's message to the Dutch president, quakingly begging mercy for the convicted criminals, and, at the same time forestalling Kruger's action by assuming that pardon would be granted. What spaniels these English "statesmen" can be when their livers are shaken by fright!

The condemned men were all members of the Reform Committee of the Uitlanders at Johannesburg in the Transvaal, and had invited Dr. Jameson, now on "trial" in London, to invade the republic. Sixty others implicated with them, but guilty in a lesser degree, have been sentenced to pay fines of $10,000 each, with three years imprisonment. It is surmised that the drastic policy of the Boers is counseled more or less from Berlin.

President Kruger's reply to Judas Chamberlain's "invite" to visit England is admirably worded, and we have pleasure in reproducing a part of it, as the answer is a lengthy document, according to the Associated Press cable from Cape Town, Africa, dated Tuesday, which says:

"President Kruger's reply plainly indicates the attitude assumed by the Boer statesman. He begins by saying his visit to England has always depended upon the settlement of a basis of discussion, and he regrets that basis has not yet been reached. Continuing, he says: 'In a friendly spirit, but from the very first, the government said clearly and recorded its opinion that no foreign interference in the internal affairs of the republic could be allowed. Mr. Chamberlain admits the justice of this position, yet he intimates that Great Britain desires that particular internal measures be taken by the Transvaal. The latter cannot allow to pass unnoticed the expression 'admitted grievances' and, however well meant and observative, this government must express regret that, having intimated its desire for a reconsideration of the London convention, in consequence of the inroad of Dr. Jameson, the position should be assumed that in the discussion the so-styled 'admitted grievances' must be included as a sine qua non in the event of a reconsideration of the convention being agreed to.

"'The South African republic has always been prepared to receive and consider in a friendly spirit the private suggestions of the imperial government regarding the interests of British subjects, although the South African republic has never admitted the existence of the so-called 'admitted grievances,' and must deny, on that account, that the right exists to create rebellious movements. It does not affect to be perfect or infallible, and has repeatedly declared that it is prepared to listen to just complaints presented in a constitutional manner by anyone. But the South African republic is of the opinion that every step calculated to prolong the irritation existing in South Africa must be studiously avoided by the exercise of mutual forbearance and good will. I feel confident you will recognize and appreciate the difficulty of my position. It appears to be wiser not to press the question of my proceeding to England any further at present, but to leave it open, and especially in view of the coming session of the volksraad, and that the desirability of my presence during at least a portion of the session, when important measures are to be considered, is apparent.'

"In regard to Chamberlain's proposal to guarantee the Transvaal protection from outside attack in exchange for a remedy of the Uitlanders' grievances, President Kruger says: 'Something is offered the South African republic which it already possesses, as the obligations and relations of the South African republic to Great Britain, as recognized by international law, already preclude an attack upon the independence of the republic. If a revision of the London convention and superseding it by a treaty of amity and commerce containing the most favored nation clause cannot be discussed unless the alleged grievances are also discussed, the government prefers to have matters in statu quo and will limit its demands to an indemnity for the Jameson raid.'"

The foregoing paragraph strongly reminds us of O'Connell's reply to Peel, when he offered, in the shape of a bribe, some privilege to the Irish Catholics which they already possessed. "Thank you for nothing, says the gallipot."

LATER—President Kruger, as we anticipated, has commuted the sentences of the condemned, and fine, imprisonment and final banishment will be the penalty. Meanwhile the war spirit against the Boers appears to be at white heat in London.

COLONEL PREUSS IS MAD.

We hope our vivacious friend Colonel Arthur Preuss, of The Review, will preserve his equanimity under the withering fire directed upon his position by our fiery contemporary, Doctor William Dillon, of the New World. We would be really sorry to witness a serious quarrel between two such able Defenders of the Faith. For ourselves, who edit a secular organ, our withers are quite unwrung when Colonel Preuss opens his batteries on his fellow Catholic editors, of the professional variety. THE CITIZEN very much prefers to leave polemics to the prelates and priests of the church, the appointed teachers of faith and morals. God forgive us, we have very little reverence for the spiritual teachings of mere laymen, like ourselves. Knowing some Catholic editors as we do, while we respect them highly as citizens, we give God thanks that they were never ordained to preach the gospel.

But why should our pious friend, Colonel Preuss, fly into a tantrum because Doctor Dillon saw fit to give the humble editor of THE CITIZEN a word or two of praise? Has not Colonel Preuss himself received praise with a modest degree of thankfulness? Has he not published said praise in the spicy columns of the choleric Review? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's praise, Colonel Preuss.

Let us see, in passing, what Colonel Preuss has to say about Doctor Dillon et al, after quoting the editorial from the New World in which the man of science deals with "The Review and THE CITIZEN":

"It (The Review) was so bad at one time that when an Irish newspaper editor saw the word Review in print he was immediately obliged to consult a specialist on heart troubles. 'Preussic acid' is evidently a great invigorator. We are very glad of it and shall apply for a patent in a day or two.

"Shortly before Mr. Dillon assumed the editorship of the New World, his Grace the Right Reverend Bishop of Alton denounced the publisher of The Review in a vehement letter to that paper as a modern Don Quixote. We are glad that the good bishop, who is a regular subscriber to our humble journal, has modified his opinion sufficiently to allow his official organ to speak of us as the 'gallant colonel,' and of The Review as a 'brightly edited little paper.'

"The editor of the New World is very much mistaken, by the way, if he thinks that we are 'in favor of the policy of inflaming, and, so far as may be, perpetuating the racial antipathy between Irish and German Catholics.' On the contrary, The Review has been a peacemaker from the beginning. Its mission has always been to pour oil on the troubled waters of national strife.

"We hold that the only way to compose the differences that have unfortunately arisen between the English speaking Catholics of this country on the one hand and those of practically all other nationalities on the other, is to make the former understand that the latter have rights which should not be trodden under foot. Many of our Irish brethren had lost sight of this. It was for the purpose of putting the plaints and claims of their persecuted co-religionists before them in an idiom which they understand that The Review was primarily established. At first there was a fierce outcry. It would serve no purpose to repeat here the awful invectives that were hurled against this innocent little sheet by the Irish Catholic papers of America. Some of them seemed stark mad. The Review patiently bore the opprobrium cast upon it; never once did it retaliate by slinging mud. Calmly it stood by its programme; resolutely but respectfully it defended its position; billingsgate was met with argument, sophistry with logic. And we are glad to note that our work has not been entirely in vain. Such rabid Irish organs as the Western Watchman, the Michigan Catholic, and the Colorado Catholic would not now dare to repeat the infamous performances of three, four, and five years ago. They have learned that there is a large element in what they are pleased to term 'the American church' not prepared to become 'Americanized' in the sense in which they used to demand it so insolently—by sacrificing mother tongue and other national peculiarities, in one word, by national apostacy.

"As regards Mr. Merwin's Atlantic Monthly article, we had a well defined object in view when we reproduced it. While it may not be true in every detail, it contains much reliable and valuable information concerning the Irish and their activity in this country. We can say this much for ourselves, that we understand a good many peculiarities of our Irish brethren today which were riddles to us before we studied Mr. Merwin's carefully prepared essay. Naturally, we desired our readers to have the benefit of this information. At the same time we intended to bring Mr. Merwin's statements before our colleagues of the Irish press, in order that they might correct errors and rectify mistakes.

"We do not think that Captain Finerty has demolished Mr. Merwin's arguments. Nor can we agree with the New World that the article on 'The Irish in American Life' is a tissue of slanders. We hold with the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee that Mr. Merwin 'is at least not bigoted,' and with the Boston Pilot that 'Mr. Merwin's essay is severe, but not unkindly written.'

"'We can afford to meet unjust criticism,' adds the Pilot; 'and if we could not also bear that which is deserved, we should be poor indeed.'

"When we reproduced the compliments of the Michigan Volksblatt we did it, as we expressly stated, 'simply to prove to our opponents that we have a portion at least—and not the meanest, either—of the German-American secular press with us in the battle we are waging.'

"This battle, we repeat it, is not a battle against the Irish. It is a battle for the rights of the foreign born Catholics of America and their children. Our English speaking brethren have organs enough of their own. If the blows that are occasionally dealt out by The Review happen to hit some gentleman with a shamrock on his lapel, we regret it very much—for we sincerely love our Celtic brethren; but we can't help it if some of them stand on the wong side.

"If a man is right we see no reason why he should be chary of wounding the alleged sensibilities of one or the other toploftical opponent. Peace is certainly a great blessing. No living man loves it more than we. But it can be too dearly bought. Right and justice go before peace. And it is right and justice for the German, the French-Canadian, the Italian, the Bohemian, and the Polish Catholics of the United States, and their brethren of diverse other nationalities, that The Review demands. Only this, and nothing more.

"At the risk of wounding the delicate sensibilities of the esteemed editors of the New World and THE CITIZEN, we tender to the Hon. Henry Childs Merwin the compliments of the season."

THE CITIZEN cannot claim to have as intimate an acquaintance with the alleged "crimes" of the Catholic papers mentioned by The Review against the German Catholics as Colonel Preuss has. Indeed, we are quite prepared to admit that we have not given as close attention to the editorials of our Catholic contemporaries as, doubtless, their merits deserve. If any of them made war on German Catholics because they clung to their mother tongue, they were guilty of illiberality and bad taste. We wish The Review could truthfully make the charge of loving and fostering their native language against certain Catholic editors, who are "Catholic but not Irish." These persons have no right to find fault with those of their fellow countrymen who may say "We are Irish but not Catholic." The anti-Irish Irish Catholic is a curse to America, to Ireland and the Church. If Daniel O'Connell were alive, he would beg God's pardon for having emancipated such a fellow. Yet there are thousands of him, and of his family. We doubt if in all America could be found a single anti-German German Catholic.

Yet the Irish, who are both Irish and Catholic, are in a vast majority, and these never attempt to war upon the language, the traditions or the customs of their German, French, Polish, Italian or Bohemian co-religionists. Irish Nationalists have no particular love for the English language. They only use it because they have to, and because their own tongue was basely neglected by those who should have fostered it, including some of the Catholic editors, cleric and lay. However, let the dead past bury its dead. Let us be thankful that the movement for the revival of Gaelic, in which many distinguished German savants have greatly aided, seems to be prospering.

Colonel Preuss doesnt think we have "demolished" the man Merwin. No true bill for manslaughter has been found against us yet, but we think we might be justly tried for having inflicted on Merwin grievous mental harm. Colonel Preuss, in common, perhaps, with Merwin, possesses the useful but stupid virtue of not knowing when he is licked.

THE assaults of such "American" writers as Hon. John Davis, in The Arena; Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's, and William M. Sloan, in The Century, on the character of Napoleon, remind us of blue-bottle flies buzzing around and sucking the festering wounds of a dead lion. They ought to leave Barras alone in his infamy.

THE Catholic Benevolent Legion held its April meeting Sunday afternoon at the state headquarters, 95 Clark street, with President T. D. Hurley in the chair. Twenty councils were represented. The report made showed that since the last meeting 125 applications have been filed for membership and one new council instituted. The president appointed the following comrades as deputy state chancellors: D. F. Bremner, Thomas F. Judge, Austin J. Doyle, John M. Smyth, W. D. Kent, A. J. Graham, P. Berry, P. McHugh, M. D. Flavin, P. J. Healy, J. P. Byrne, W. A. McGuire, J. F. Cremin, M. Brennan, W. P. Henneberry, W. J. Onahan, Thomas A. Smyth, Myles O'Kelly, F. M. Quinn, James D. Morrison, W. J. Danford, R. D. McDonald, R. C. Morrison, T. H. Glassbrook, P. Tyrrell.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

The Republican State convention which met at Springfield this week placed in nomination the following ticket, complete except the Attorney-Generalship, which had not been decided upon at the hour of going to press:

For Governor.....John R. Tanner
For Lieut-Governor....W. A. Northcott
For Secretary of State...James A. Rose
For Auditor.....J. R. McCullough
For State Treasurer....Henry L. Hertz

Resolutions of respect and sympathy and sorrow upon the death of William J. Campbell, of Cook, and Conrad Sechrist, of Iroquois county, were adopted.

THIS country is "just about sick" of the "Salvation" Booths, Booth-Tuckers and the rest. America got along without them for several generations, and can do so again. These quarrelsome English architects of faction ought to remain in their own foggy country.

THE Rev. John S. MacIntosh, of Philadelphia, delivered a characteristic talk on the Scotch-Irish (i. e., Irish that are afraid to be Irish and ashamed to be Scotch) at the house of Thomas S. McClelland, on Superior street Monday night. He "claimed everything" for the hybrids, except, we believe, the creation of the universe. Among the rest he claimed General Grant as one of the Scotch-Irish. The General himself, at the outset of his memoirs, says that he was an American on both sides of the family for several generations, and that his grandfather married a Miss Kelly. Even Mr. MacIntosh will hardly have the hardihood to claim that Kelly (O'Kelly) is a "Scotch-Irish" name.

HENRY L. HERTZ, for State Treasurer, received 829 votes, on the first ballot, at Springfield. This gave him the nomination—a great personal triumph when it is on record that he was bitterly fought by leading newspapers of his own party, and also by the A. P. A.

AN Englishman who, under the guidance of a native Irishman, has recently been admiring the scenery on the other side of St. George's channel, tells a good story of Hibernian repartee. The visitor and his guide were in a hilly district in the South of Ireland and the guide, pointing to a high hill, said that it was known locally by the name of "the devil's table." Another and less lofty hill close by was known, he said, as "the devil's chair." "Indeed," remarked the Englishman, "the devil seems to have a good deal of property in these parts." "Yes, sir," rejoined the Irishman, "but he is an absentee landlord and lives in England."
—*Ex.*

THIS tribute to the memory of the late Mr. John Kelly appeared in the London Daily Chronicle: "The death of Mr. John Kelly the other day in Dublin removes a prominent and interesting figure from the Irish Nationalist movement. He was born forty-six years ago in the little seaport town of Bantry, county Cork—a town which before the split had the honor of having twelve citizens, known as 'the Bantry Gang,' in the Irish Parliamentary party; and from his boyhood's years he was actively concerned in the advanced sections of the various Nationalist movements since then—the Fenian organization, the Land League, and the Plan of Campaign, for all of which he acted as organizer. No Nationalist had such wide and varied experience of Irish prisons. Several attempts were made to induce him to enter parliament, but he preferred Ireland as his field of operations as a politician. His revolutionary politics ruined his business.—*Irish Daily Independent, April 20.*

Division 13's New Banner.

Division No. 13, A. O. H., is very proud of the splendid new banner presented to it by the lady friends of that division. Following are the names of the ladies who interested themselves in the presentation of this handsome gift:

Mesdames Simon J. Moloney, Daniel Jordan, George Hickey, P. L. Tully, John F. Kerlin, Morrin, J. McNerney, Mary McKee, T. Kehoe, J. F. McGrave, John Conley, M. Curran.

Misses Nellie Green, Josie Quilty, Itacia O'Shaughnessy, Susie O'Connor, Mamie Bigane, Mary Conway, Mary Keane, Nora Lillis, C. Byrnes, Nora McNerney, Maggie Donlan, Maggie Doyle, Mary McTigue, Annie Byrnes, Delia Mills, Mary Murphy, Annie Young, Susie Mahoney, J. McInerney, Margaret Lawlor.

GAELIC ASSOCIATION.

During the last two weeks the Gaelic Athletic Association has been hard at work preparing the new grounds situate at Ogden avenue and Rockwell street. A grand stand has been erected which can comfortably seat one thousand people, and a club-house is in course of construction, and after a few weeks a hard ball court will be built. Tomorrow (Sunday, May 3) the first game of the season takes place in a great challenge football contest between a picked team from the O'Briens and Emmets versus a picked team from the Innisfails and O'Connells for a pennant worth $50, and the Sarsfields will cross camans with the Innisfails. At present the outlook for the association is far better than at any time since its inception, and the council and executive committee should insist that the rules are not infringed, and, if so, that the offending parties be expelled at once from the association.

ARGENTINE CELTS.

Brilliant St. Patrick's Day Celebration by Irish Citizens of Buenos Aires, South America.

The Old Land Gracefully Remembered Under the Rays of the Southern Cross.

(*Southern Cross, Buenos Aires, March 20.*)

The St. Patrick's banquet was in every sense of the word a brilliant success. About sixty people between Irishmen and Irish Argentines met at Mercer's and sat down together to dinner. The banqueting saloon was decorated with the flags of Ireland, the United States, France, Switzerland and other countries. Dr. S. G. O'Farrell occupied the chair. On his right hand was seated Mr. J. J. Murphy, the honorary president, and on his left General Antonio Donovan.

Besides those mentioned above, there were: W. Casey, Richard H. Murray, David Sufferin, Dr. Gannon, John Cunningham, Thomas F. Murphy, James Somers, William Morgan, Michael Ham, J. E. O'Curry, Patrick Ham, J. H. Fitzsimons, W. Bulfin, J. G. Keane, J. J. Feeney, B. Feeney, E. J. Byrne, W. D. Greenway, M. O'Farrell, Nicholas Murphy, J. Savage, Luke Doyle, John F. Cochrane, Thomas Duggan, Patrick Cole, P. S. H. Conway, Pierce Power, P. Whelan, Thomas A. Gahan, P. McManus, James Ham, James McCormick, M. J. Byrne, F. H. Mulhall, Francis Dowling, Nicholas Fitzgerald, P. Dowling, Thomas Daly, Andrew Daly, John Lennon, Hugh Duggan, J. Lilduff, F.F. Hussey, Juan Nelson, B. Maguire, Dr. M. O'Farrell, Thomas E. Murray, John Moore, C. Hope, C. Duggan, Dr. Michael Z. O'Farrell, M. J. Duggan, S. J. Moody.

Through the good offices of General Donovan, the magnificent police band attended and played a very choice selection of airs throughout the evening. About 7 o'clock the Calle Florida, in front of Mercer's, was crowded by people all anxious to know what was going on. They couldn't make out why the band should be playing there, and no doubt some of them went home sadly afflicted with unsatisfied curiosity. After a little while the band came upstairs and stationed itself in one of the ante-rooms. The players were in uniform and looked well.

The ante-rooms, before the banquet, were a pleasant sight. They were filled by people who all knew each other and who were glad to see each other. Venerable looking Irishmen and slim young Irish-Argentines, old and young—camp and town. They were a jolly, stalwart looking crowd of men, and you couldn't help feeling proud of them.

The menu was the following. It is Irish in spirit, you might say, and as will be observed, it is not altogether unrecognizable in George Mercers French:

HORS D'ŒUVRES.
Canapés de Caviar.

POTAGES.
A la Erin-go-bragh.
Oxtail soup.

POISSON.
Anchois á la Saint Patrick.

RELEVE.
Souffles aux Etats-Unis.

ENTREES.
Ris de veau á la Emmet.
Filet piqué á la Parnell.

FROID.
Aspic de foia de Canard en Belle vus.
Punch á la Thomas Davis.

LEGUME.
Petits pois á la Francaise.

ROTI.
Battu bardé au cresson.

ENTREMETS.
Gateau meringué aux noisettes.
Pa fait á la vanilla.
Pudding á la Argentine.
Fruits.

VINS.
Jerez, Haut Sauterne, Saint Julien,
Rudesheimer Berg. Macon,
Yrroy extra sec. frappé—Whisky,
Liqueurs.

In any case the guests did it full justice. The service was excellent, and everything went off splendidly, with the exception of a little item which we might mention as a hint to the purveyor of future St. Patrick banquets. The waiters got it into their heads that the committeemen could not or would not drink wine. This is a fundamental mistake of a very calumnious and aggravating nature. That committee didn't exactly hanker after a drink, but they could have accommodated one all the same. You may think it a distinction to be a committeeman, and so it is, of course. But when the waiters wrongly and basely assume that you have come to the banquet to show rigid moderation in regard to wine, the situation has its disadvantages. These remarks are impartial, because the writer had the good fortune to be farther down the table, where a certain Irish-Argentine estanciero and a certain Irish broker were annexing Rhine wine for the use and benefit of their fellow men.

When the champagne was uncorked, the chairman called upon the proposer of "The Land We Live In" to do his duty. The toast, in which was included the name of the president of the Republic, was drunk to the accompaniment of cheers.

Dr. M. Z. O'Farrell, of Mercedes, made an impromptu reply which called forth deserved applause. He said that the Argentine Republic had often been helped in the hour of need by Irishmen, and that today Irish immigration is what the country most needs and most desires. He alluded in graceful terms to the salutary effect of Irish faith, honesty and industry, upon the customs of the country. He thanked the proposer of the toast for the complimentary terms used regarding the Argentine nation, and answered these sentiments by asking, in conclusion, the guests to drink to the prosperity and independence of Ireland. This was one of the best speeches of the evening. It was delivered in Spanish, and was clear and simple, yet very trenchant. As we have said it was extempore, but both in form and substance it was fully equal to some of the speeches, which showed evident marks of careful preparation.

The next toast was "Ireland a Nation," proposed by Mr. [illegible] Sufferin in a most learned, historic and eloquent speech.

Speeches were also made by Messrs. T. F. Murphy, James Fitzsimons, Gen. Anthony Donovan, Mr. F. H. Mulhall, Senator William Casey, Mr. Patrick Ham, Mr. P. McManus and other good Irishmen.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

FORGOTTEN.

BY P. T. M'G.

I saw her when his form was laid
Low in the silent tomb,
No sign of grief her brow betrayed
Nor shade of sorrow's gloom;
Nor word she spoke of sad regret,
Nor shed one mournful tear,
Though other cheeks and eyes were wet
To him not half so dear.

I saw her smile as blithe and gay
As if he ne'er had died,
And she had never seen the day
She loved with tender pride.
Although her bosom often beat
And burned with passion's flame,
She never felt a throb so sweet
As he alone could claim.

What would he not, thought I, once give
For one sweet smile or sigh?
Is love dead in the hearts that live
Ere cold the hearts that die?
Is this affection's hapless lot—
Are hearts thus callous grown?
Alas, how soon is all forgot,
How soon remembrance flown!

RECENT WEDDINGS.

Among the weddings of last week was that of Miss Anna Elizabeth Tierney, daughter of Lieut. P. B. Tierney, and James J. Ryan, at Cheltenham. The Rev. Father O'Sullivan performed the ceremony. The church was decorated with bride's roses, smilax and palms. The bride was attired in a traveling dress of fawn facqraard and carried bride's roses. Miss Edith Tierney, sister of the bride, artended her, and Joseph Reegan acted as best man. After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, 7720 Bond avenue, at which place they will be at home after their return from a southern trip.

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The wedding of Neil J. Shannon and Miss Ada M. Lowrie took place Wednesday evening of Last week, at the parish house of St. James' Catholic church. The wedding was quite private. Henry Allen Foster attended the groom, and Miss Alice G. Beardsley attended Miss Lowrie at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Hugh McGuire. After the wedding the bride and groom left for a short trip to the South. They will be at home after June 1 at 4750 Langley avenue.

—

On Wednesday evening, April 22, a pretty marriage was solemnized at St. Pius' church, Miss Norene Donohue and Thomas Reilly being united by Rev. Father Melody. Miss Delia Sullivan and Philip Lawley were the attendants. A reception was tendered the young people at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Donohue, 698 West Twentieth street.

—

The marriage of Miss Fannie Gary to Dr. Hugh Talbot Patrick took place Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Judge and Mrs. Joseph E. Gary, 369 Ontario street.

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The marriage of Miss Mame Corey and Frank W. Bradley was celebrated at the Holy Name Cathedral Tuesday morning week at 8 o'clock, Rev. Father Fitzsimmons officiating. Miss Jennie Corey, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor. Mr. Bradley of Milwaukee acted as groomsman. Miss Nelly Scully, niece of the bride, was flower girl, and Masters George and Willie Stack acted as ushers. The young couple left for a short trip through the North, and will be at home after may 15 at 65 Hammond street.

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At 7 o'clock Wednesday night of last week, the marriage of Miss Jean Anne Coyne and Harry Preston Jones was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, 133 South Oak Park. Rev. C. P. Anderson of Grace Episcopal church, Oak Park, assisted by Rev. T. N. Morrison of the Church of the Epiphany, performed the ceremony.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

National Guardsmen Given the Tokens of Their Efficiency.

The annual distribution of medals among members of the Seventh Regiment who made the best scores at rifle practice last year took place at the armory last Saturday night, and the newly elected colonel, Marcus Kavanaugh, made it an occasion for greeting his "boys." He made a stirring speech and was heartily applauded, particularly when he predicted that within six months the regiment would be the most proficient in the country's national guard. "There are mutterings of war, and it would do my heart good if it became necessary to lead 1,200 such fellows as you into the thickest of the fight for the honor of God, the protection of our country and the love of the old land."

After a programme of songs and recitations, winding up with brisk sparring contests, J. S. Hyland, inspector of rifle practice, presented medals to the following: J. Moore, G. Flemming, J. Galloway, M. J. Quinn, J. P. Finnegan, J. Kerwin, S. O'Neill, O. Feehan, P. Nelligan, M. McCarthy, D. Sullivan, J. Hanley, P. Davon, J. Conroy, M. Cotter, J. J. Egan, T. Burke, E. Healey, W. Gallagher, J. P. Duffy, H. J. Dwyer, T. Conroy, C. Gallagher, D. Gough, P. Heffernan, E. Lynch, A. Lenahan, M. Brennan, P. Constine, M. McFadden, James P. Byrne, Patrick Ryan, Walter Craig, John McGrath, Thos. C. White, William Murray, Alfred Fowler, Peter Whalen, Hugh Kenny, M. Kearney, O. Irwin, James Moran, James Kearney, Patrick Farrell, Patrick Killeher, Matt Deniher, M. Murphy, Thos. O'Connor, E. Morrisey, M. Mulligan, Thos. Creighton, M. McNamara, James Hunt, James Gaskine, Thomas Leahy, John Maher, Dan Casey, T. Fitzsimmons, P. Kalaher, George Dermody, C. W. Bell, Ed Smith, Eugene Daly, John O'Neill, G. H. Bell, W. M. O'Donnell, George Carberry, R. O'Connor, Bartley Molloy, John Lane, P. J. O'Malley, Peter O'Rourke, J. McDermott, Ed Joyce, Dan Dwyer, John Haggerty, John Murray, James Martin, H. P. Kane, David Carmody, William J. Casey, John G. Georg, John Hickey, Michael Henry, John Keane, Patrick Kelly, F. McCauley, E. J. Ruddy, C. Faulkner, Michael Casey, John Dolan, H. E. Powell, Michael Killen, Ulick Higgins, D. Craddock, T. Glennon, Eugene Tagney, William J. Cassidy, William Cheddick, Ed Cheddick, Patrick Nichol, James O'Reilly, James P. Kelly, J. R. Beggs, Philip J. Barry, Patten Downs, J. Callinan, Charles Stone.

The men who secured medals rank from captain to private.

PERSONAL.

Edward J. Sullivan, of New York, is in the city and was a visitor at the office of THE CITIZEN. Mr. Sullivan is connected with the executive special agency department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and is one of the best known life underwriters in New York State, and is also prominently identified in public affairs. Mr. Sullivan will remain in the city for some time in connection with the interests of his business department.

The property of the Jesuit Fathers on Twelfth street has been, up to the present, exempt from taxation, as in the case of similar property throughout the city. Within the past year it has been threatened with liability to assessment because of the long established bookstore attached to the church. M. J. Geraghty, the proprietor, laudably determined not to compromise the property of the Order by retaining further possession of the premises in which for thirteen years he has carried on an extensive business. He therefore purchased the store No. 434 West Twelfth street, directly opposite the old stand which he has just vacated. Thus no shadow of cause exists to subject to taxation the property of the Jesuit Fathers. Mr. Geraghty will in his new premises carry on the same business he has so successfully conducted at the old stand. THE CITIZEN will therefore be obtained in future at No. 434 West Twelfth street.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

The Olynpic Games, which are in progress in Athens this week, and which were expected to eclipse anything of the kind since the days of Ancient Greece, says the Dublin Independent of April 10, appear to have fallen rather flat, so far as performances go. The reports to hand of the feats achieved by the representatives of the several nations present go to show that nothing at all brilliant has been done, except in the case of the throwing of a disc. The Americans would seem to have matters pretty much their own way in many of the events. This is a case of Ireland again to the fore, for the names of the representatives of the United States are distinctly Hibernian. Certainly Connolly, Curtis, Burke, etc., are not of Italian or Russian descent. None of them are first-class men so far as we know. But a bona fide Dubliner (Mr. Boland) was successful in the Lawn Tennis Singles and Doubles yesterday. By the way, this new fashioned game seems altogether out of place in an Olympic arena in ancient Athens. But it is evident that the promoters were desirous of drawing the largest crowd possible, and with this object in view they placed the very modern games of lawn tennis, cycling, etc., on the programme.

If the performances that have been accomplished up to the present are a true criterion of the merits of the athletes, we should like to know what would be the chances of victory of the contestants this week if Ireland had collected a team of her own sons, and sent them to the Grecian capital? It was only on Monday last that Mr. Flanagan, of Kilmallock, sent a 16-pound hammer over 147 feet from a nine foot circle, while giving an exhibition in London. Nobody in Athens at present is capable of approaching this; and all the efforts of living Greeks, and all others, would pale before those of Mr. J. S. Mitchell, late of Emly, and now of America, with any of the heavy weights. Our Irish champion distance runner, Mr. J. J. Mullen, was only beaten by the English long-distance record-holder by half-a-dozen yards at Belfast, on Tuesday evening last, in the world's record time for four miles. Then can we not claim Mr. T. P. Conneff, now of New York, also a record-holder: Mr. George Gray, a Canadian by birth, but the son of Irish parents, who has put the shot 47 feet, as against the 36 feet accomplished by the winner at Athens? There are many athletes in Ireland who could also beat the 20 feet 10 inches covered by the winner of the long jump in the Grecian city. Mr. D. Shanahan, of Kilfinane, once got over the astounding distance of 50 feet 4 inch in a hop, step, and jump on level ground at Limerick, and Mr. T. F. Kiely, of Carrick-on-Suir, has frequently beaten 48 feet. Either of those athletes could surely make that event safe for Ireland. Messrs. Fitzpatrick (holder of the world's record for half a mile) and Burke—both Irishmen—who took prominent parts with Messrs. Mitchell, Conneff, and Gray in defeating the English team in the United States last September could not be fairly defeated by anybody now in Greece. And would it not be a real treat to the Athenians to see Messrs. Ryan of Tipperary, and O'Brien of Mallow jump for height? We also have Dr. W. J. M. Barry, and Mr. D. Horgan, of Bauteer. But we could go on to compile a very lengthy list. It is unnecessary. There are few who will doubt the assertion that an Irish team of athletes could beat the representatives of any other nation taking in every class of manly exercises.

The Loyola Club.

Mrs. W. P. Henneberry, of 543 Jackson boulevard, entertained the Loyola Club and its guests Tuesday evening. The paper of the evening, "The Catholic Church and the Bible," by Mrs. P. J. Healy, was listened to with interest. The discussion of the paper was participated in by Judge Richard Prendergast. Mrs. Elizabeth Cooke, president of the Woman's Educational Union; A. Wygan, John Marshall, Miss Mary E. Vaughan, Rev. T. E. Cox, William Dillon and Miss Mary Onahan.

FERGUSON AND DAVIS.

The biography of Sir Samuel Ferguson by his wife, which has just been published, recalls the tribute which Ferguson, at the time a Unionist, paid to Thomas Davis when he was cut off in the flower of his life. Following are some of the best portions of the Elegy, which first appeared in the University Magazine:

I walked through Ballinderry in the springtime,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said in every fresh-plowed field, beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty
On the quick seed-clasping soil—
"Even such this day along the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil."

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep
Through the spray and through the prone heaps, cleaving upward
To the calm, clear streams above—
"So leap'st thou to thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In the brightness of thy strength and love."

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation
That filled the wide mountain hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie:
And I said as he screamed and soared
"So callest thou, wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored."

* * * * * *

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of Danger's plow,
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow
Girth with Freedom's seed-sheets now?

* * * * * *

Young salmon of the flood-tide of freedom
That swells round Erin's shore,
Thou wilt leap against the proud opposing torrents
Of bigotry and hate no more.
Drawn downward by their prone, material instinct,
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam;
Thou has sped, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come.

Miss Alice English.

Miss Alice English, daughter of the poet, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Newark, N. J., was received into the Catholic church, on April 16, at St. James' church, Newark, by the rector, the Rev. Patrick Cody. Miss English was formerly a member of Christ church, Newark, a very advanced Ritualistic church, of which her cousin, the Rev. W. H. C. Lylburn, is rector. One of her sisters is married to an Episcopal clergyman named Arthur Noll, who is connected with a church in Louisiana. Dr. English has a world-wide fame as the author of "Ben Bolt." His daughter inherits the literary gift, and is a contributor of poetry and prose to many American magazines. Her father approves of her course.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

The Cunard Line.

The Etruria arrived at Queenstown April 24, at 5 p.m.
The Umbria arrived at New York April 25, at 3 p.m.

—

White Star Line.

The Britannic arrived at New York April 24, at 12 m.
The Germanic arrived at Queenstown April 23, at 4 a.m.
The Majestic arrived at New York April 29, at 11 a.m.
The Teutonic arrived at Queenstown April 29, at 1 a.m.

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The following list of cabin passengers, booked at the Chicago office of the White Star Line, sail for Europe per the steamship Britannic, April 29: Miss Bertha Taussig, Miss Winolda Wilcox, Mrs. Emily N. Baird, Miss Dorothy Baird, Mrs. Ruth S. Merriam, Miss Bertha S. Merriam, W. A. Reaser, Mrs. Reaser and infant, H. L. Knight, Peter O'Dwyer, Miss Florence Prouty, Miss Florence Young, Miss Burt, Miss Mary A. Kirkup, Miss M. D. Kellogg, Mrs. Kate Potter, W. W. Payne, Mrs. Lewis D. Jones, Miss Given Jones, Master Trevor Jones, Master Owen Jones, Mrs. Arthur C. Ducat, infant and maid, Miss Mary Ducat, Miss Elizabeth Ducat, Miss Alice Ducat, Master Reginald Ducat, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, Hugh Lumsden, Jr., Carlos Lumsden, Hon. and Mrs. F. S. O'Grady, Mrs. Mary Pearson, Miss Brockwell.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

THE PIKE UPON THE WALL.

BY STANLEY.

There used to hang in my old home a
a relic on the wall,
'Twas forged in Liddy's blacksmith
shop in rugged Donegal;
How often in my childhood would I
stand with much amaze
And watch that silent witness of the
grand old rebel days!
Many a gallus story would my grandsire tell to me,
Of men and deeds of '98 and hopes that used to be;
He showed me how the boys would drill in Martin Kelly's hall,
Then glance with fond affection toward the pike upon the wall.

It was a precious relic, for many a good
man's pledge
Was whispered to that shining steel beneath a hawthorn hedge;
And many a summer's night had seen it carried thro' the glen
While Luna's rays would kiss the pikes of twice ten thousand men.
Child tho' I was, I learned to love the dear old weapon there;
For ere I sought my nightly rest I'd kneel me down and swear
To keep its memory in my heart whate'er my life befall,
And ne'er disgrace my country or the pike upon the wall.

Grandad would lift my tiny form and sit me on his knee;
Methinks I hear his pleading now, "Ma bouchal beg machree,
God bless thine eyes of Irish blue, God bless thy ringlets fair;
Thou hast thy father's honest face, thy mother's sunny hair.
But I will give a token, lad, to 'mind you of my love,
Live faithful to the cause or else I swear to God above,
I'll haunt you every moment until you meet your fall
If ever you prove faithless to the pike upon the wall."

And tho' I've wandered far away from childhood's happy lands,
The pike I know is cherished yet in trusty Irish hands.
God bless you, dear old playmate, the vow is living still,
The vow I made to Erin upon my native hill;
The birds and flowers of summer-time will surely fade away,
But the memory of thy lessons will live with me for aye,
And not until the angel sounds the exile's last recall
Will I forget my country or the pike upon the wall.

—*Union and Times.*

The Hogan Tribute.

The committee who have interested themselves in getting up a testimonial to Martin J. Hogan appeal to all patriotic Irishmen for assistance in this worthy cause, and gratefully acknowledge the following contributions:

Austin J. Doyle	$15 00
A Friend	10 00
Irish Priest	10 00
W. P. Rend	5 00
John Mackin	5 00
Irish Priest	10 00
A Friend	5 00
Francis N. O'Mahony	5 00

All contributions sent to Mrs. M. J. Hogan, 101 Washburne avenue, Chicago, will be duly acknowledged.

COMMITTEE.

Are You One of those unhappy people suffering with weak nerves? Remember that the nerves may be made strong by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The "new woman" attended the last meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum, at Unity Hall, 77 Thirty-first street, on Thursday evening, April 23. That is to say she was there—not in person but in spirit. She came there in her spiritual or imaginary form to listen to the eloquence and wit of the Lyceum members discussing "Woman's New Position in Business, Profession and Political Life," and though all necessary courtesy and deference were observed toward her, still it is safe to prophesy that she will betake herself to other fields for "future favors."

The usual musical programme was provided, just as though to show respect to the bifurcated "guest" of the evening. The meeting was called to order by President William Dillon, and after some words of congratulation and instruction he introduced the Rev. D. J. Crimmins to fill the first number on the the programme by giving a recitation; Father Crimmins promptly responded with "Erin's Flag," which evoked such favor and applause that an encore was unavoidable. Master R. J. Dohney sang "My Dad is the Engineer." Master Dohney is certainly a phenomenon in his line. He is blessed with a voice of most wonderful power and sweetness, and will no doubt be heard of some day as one of the marvels of his time. He has already been before the footlights at Central Music Hall and the Auditorium. He was repeatedly encored. Misses Cahill and Duggan gave a duet that was pleasing and thoroughly well executed. A call for an encore was successful in eliciting a vocal solo from Miss Cahill. Like the other number it was admirably rendered.

The debate was opened by Miss Kate Keating, daughter of State President John T. Keating of the A.O.H., with an article that clearly defined the position of the so-called "new woman" in her various capacities at the present time. Miss Keating's paper was excellently composed and delivered, and while she certainly proved the woman we all love to find engaged in making home the dearest spot on earth was vastly superior to the generally accepted "new" woman, still she gave the latter type a full and impartial analysis and full credit for whatever virtues she is supposed to possess.

Francis J. Norton then addressed the assembly, and earnestly and eloquently endeavored to establish the superiority of the modern woman over her sisters of by-gone days. His fiery eloquence and wonderful historical illustrations were productive of much applause and mirth; and made evident the fact that he is not losing sight of the rapid flight of leap year.

John T. Keating, with his accustomed tact and wit, spoke for a short time favoring the good, old-fashioned, home-loving, affectionate mother, sister and daughter that had always given their labor to the promotion of a peaceful and happy fireside.

Responding to a call on the ladies, Miss Margaret O'Hanlon rose amid thunders of applause, and in a short, neat and concise speech expressed herself in favor of the girls who have not departed so far from the paths of prudence and true womanhood as to be dubbed the "new woman." "I concede," she said, "to my fellow-sister the undeniable right to enter any honorable and unquestionable field against man in the matter of earning a livelihood. I maintain that she has a natural and perfect claim to compete with man in various office duties, for it is a well known fact that she has proven herself his superior in the proper and satisfactory transaction of such duties. But when woman so far forgets her innate sense of true womanhood as to usurp the places and positions that only men are supposed to fill; when she casts aside her feminine dignity and self-respect for a little notoriety; when she barters the home where in is her realm and kingdom for the polling-booth and race-track; and when her general course of life is such that the world finds it necessary to term her as the "new woman" in order to distinguish her from the real and true womanly woman, then I say she has transgressed and exceeded the line that entitles her to the esteem and respect of all people."

With the termination of Miss O'Hanlon's eloquent words died all hope of bringing the "new woman" into favor, and the "requiem" was chanted over her remains in an unmistakable way by Messrs P. B. Flanagan, J. E. Ryan and Quinn O'Brien. The addresses of all were noted for their very thorough discussion of both sides of the question, but in the conclusion the "new woman" was found not to be a favorite.

After the conclusion of the programme the chairman announced that the next regular meeting would be held Thursday evening, May 28, and that all information concerning membership, dues, etc., as well as free tickets of admission, can be obtained on application to T. J. Sherlock, secretary, 194 Dearborn avenue, city. S.

CRANE & KOTAL, ATTORNEYS, ROOM 418 U. S. EXPRESS BUILDING.

ESTATE OF BERNARD GRANT, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bernard Grant, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1896, being the 15th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 24, 1896.
GILBERT C. PRYOR, Administrator.
Crane & Kotal, Attorneys.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

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LEGEND OF THE CROSS

WOOD DERIVED FROM THE TREE OF LIFE IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

A Story of the Death of Adam and the Crucifixion of Christ Which Was Recited In the Middle Ages—How Seth Got a Glimpse of Paradise.

When Adam was banished from paradise, he lived in penitence, endeavoring to expiate the past by prayer and toil. When he reached a great age and felt death approach, he called Seth to him and said: "Go, my son, to the terrestrial paradise and ask the archangel who keeps the gate to give me a balsam which will save me from death. You will easily find the way, because my footprints scorched the soil as I left paradise. Follow my blackened traces and they will conduct you to the gate whence I was expelled."

Seth hastened to paradise. The way was barren, vegetation was scanty and of somber colors. Over all lay the black prints of his father's and mother's feet. Presently the walls surrounding paradise appeared. Around them nature revived, the earth was covered with verdure and dappled with flowers. The air vibrated with beautiful music. Seth was dazzled with the beauty which surrounded him, and he walked on forgetful of his mission. Suddenly there flashed before him a wavering line of fire upright, like a serpent of light continuously quivering. It was the flaming sword in the hand of the cherub who guarded the gate.

As Seth drew nigh he saw that the angel's wings were expanded so as to block the door. He prostrated himself before the cherub, unable to utter a word. But the heavenly being read in his soul, better than a mortal can read a book, the words which were there impressed, and he said:

"The time of pardon is not yet come. Four thousand years must roll away before the Redeemer shall open the gate to Adam, closed by his disobedience. But as a token of future pardon the wood whereon redemption shall be won shall grow from the tomb of thy father. Behold what he lost by his transgression!"

At these words the angel swung open the great portal of gold and fire and Seth looked in.

He beheld a fountain, clear as crystal, sparkling like silver dust, playing in the midst of the garden, and gushing forth in four living streams. Before this mystic fountain grew a mighty tree, with a trunk of vast bulk and thickly branched, but destitute of bark and foliage. Around the bole was wreathed a frightful serpent or caterpillar, which had scorched the bark and devoured the leaves. Beneath the tree was a precipice. Seth beheld the roots of the tree in hell. There Cain was striving to grasp the roots and clamber up them into paradise, but they laced themselves around the body and limbs of the fratricide as the threads of a spider's web entangle a fly, and the fibers of the tree penetrated the body of Cain as though they were endowed with life. Horror struck at this awful sight Seth raised his eyes to the summit of the tree. There all was changed. The tree had grown till its branches reached heaven. The boughs were covered with leaves, flowers and fruit. But the fairest fruit was a little babe, a living sun, who seemed to be listening to the songs of seven white doves who circled about his head. A woman, more lovely than the moon, bore the child in her arms.

Then the cherub closed the door and said: "I give thee now three seeds taken from that tree. When Adam is dead, place these three seeds in thy father's mouth and bury him."

So Seth took the seeds and returned to his father. Adam was glad to hear what his son told him and praised God.

On the third day after the return of Seth he died. Then his son buried him in the skins of beasts which God had given him for a covering, and his sepulcher was on Golgotha. In course of time three trees grew from the seeds brought from paradise. One was a cedar, another a cypress and the third a pine. They grew with marvelous force, thrusting their branches to right and left. It was with one of these boughs that Moses performed his miracles in Egypt, brought water out of the rock and healed those whom the serpents slew in the desert.

In the time of Solomon this was the noblest of the trees of Lebanon. It surpassed all in the forests of King Hiram as a monarch surpasses those who crouch at his feet. Now, when the son of David erected his palace he cut down this tree to convert it into the main pillar supporting his roof. But all in vain. The column refused to answer the purpose. It was at one time too long, at another too short. Surprised at this resistance, Solomon lowered the walls of his palace to suit the beam, but at once it shot up and pierced the roof, like an arrow driven through a piece of canvas or a bird recovering its liberty. Solomon, enraged, cast the tree over Cedron, that all might trample on it as they crossed the brook.

The queen of Sheba found it there and recognizing its virtue had it raised. Solomon then buried it. Some time after the king dug the pool of Bethesda on the spot. This pond at once acquired miraculous properties and healed the sick who flocked to it. The water owed its virtues to the beam which lay beneath it.

When the time of the crucifixion of Christ drew near, this wood rose to the surface and was brought out of the water. The executioners, when seeking a suitable beam to serve for the cross, found it and of it made the instrument of the death of the Saviour. After the crucifixion it was buried on Calvary, but the mother of Constantine the Great, the Empress Helena, found it deep in the ground with two others. Christ's was distinguished from those of the thieves by a sick woman being cured by touching it.—Baring Gould's "Myths of the Middle Ages."

ERROR IN THE JEWISH CALENDAR.

A Universal Synod Suggested For Its Needed Correction.

In a lecture recently delivered under the auspices of the Graetz college in Philadelphia on "The Jewish Calendar," Dr. Cyrus Adler called attention to an error in the calendar which may occasion some surprise to persons who have not investigated the subject.

It is a fact well known that the Jewish calendar in its present form was promulgated by Hillel II, about 350 C. E. This calendar is a bound lunar calendar—i. e., a lunar calendar with correction to solar time. At the time that the calendar was established it was much more accurate than any in use. It was universally accepted by Jews, even by the Karaites, and has afforded an important outward bond of union among scattered Israel.

Graetz has voiced the ordinary opinion as to the accuracy of our calendar in the following words: "The method of calculating the calendar introduced by Hillel is so simple and certain that up to the present day it has not required either emendation or amplification, and for this reason is acknowledged to be perfect by all who are competent to express an opinion on the subject, whether Jews or non-Jews.

This statement, however, does not agree with the astronomical facts. Our calendar makes the average lunar month 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes 3¼ seconds, whereas the true value is 29 days 12 hours 44 minutes 02.841 seconds. Again, our calendar calculates the solar year at 365 days 5 hours 55 minutes 25.439 seconds, whereas the true value is 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 46.069 seconds. It is plain, accordingly, that there is a double source of error, amounting to more than 8 minutes per year. Assuming the lunar and solar year to have been co-ordinated at the time of publication of Hillel's calendar, the Jewish year has in the 1,540 years intervening advanced forward from the vernal equinox somewhat over 7 days.

The importance of the correctness of the calendar is so great that it would appear advisable that a universal synod, be called to devise a plan whereby the error may be obviated. Such a synod once assembled, might be able to take action in other directions of the highest importance for the welfare of Israel. —American Hebrew.

THE VORACIOUS CARP.

Clever Ruses by Which It Is Exterminating Black Bass.

The German carp is a vicious fish after a fashion, and the kind of brains it has is described by W. F. Meehan in The Fishing Gazette. Says Mr. Meehan:

"One day in early June in 1893 or 1894, in Montgomery county, Pa., I was watching the spawning bed of black bass in Perkiomen creek from a bridge overhead, when along came a number of large German carp. One made a feint toward the nest, and when attacked by the black bass fled. While the bass was in pursuit the remainder of the carp darted in, and in a twinkling devoured the spawn in the nest. I waded out to the bass nest later and found scarcely an egg in it. I was told afterward of a similar case in the same stream."

The Pennsylvania report of the state commissioners of fisheries says that "there are few fishes more heartily anathematized by American anglers than the carp. They fail to see a redeeming feature in the creature, and charge it with many bad ones, the most serious of which is that it is a more inveterate spawn eater than the eel," and the anglers fear that it will in a few years practically exterminate all the valuable food and game fishes despite the efforts of the various fish commissioners.

The carp furnishes the angler little or no sport, because it refuses to take the ordinary lures offered. Its flesh is not popular with American fish eaters, as it is in European countries, where as early as 1227 it was cultivated in Austria.

It is not known exactly who first introduced carp into American waters, nor exactly when it was done, but Mr. Poffe, a Californian, some time before 1870, is believed to have been the man. He is regarded in much the same light as the introducer of the English sparrow into the United States, and the misguided men who turned English rabbits on to Australia.

Easy Work.

"I wants to git a white man arrested fer incendiary trespass or somfin," said the perturbed colored gentleman.

"What's up?" asked the policeman.

"Man hired me to rake leaves out his yard, an when I was most froo he say, 'Mose, dat wouldn't be no hand wuk at all ef you was doin it jes' fer fun, would it?' an I say: 'Dat so. Wuk fer fun ain't nebbah so tirin as wuk fer pay.' Den he say: 'All right. I does not pay you, an dat will mek it easier fer you. Always like to help poor laborin man along.' Now, wouldn't dat jar you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Intelligent Rats.

Rats, according to a showman who exhibits a tame troop of the little beasts, are more easily taught than dogs. They have a more retentive ear for language and greater adaptability than any other animal. Louise Michel, who is also fond of rats, has discovered many virtues in them. They have respect for the aged, family feeling, and compassion for the unfortunate.

Out of Their Reach.

"I wonder how she manages to keep her youthful bloom with such a large family of children."

"Upon a high shelf, I suppose."

Far away the music of the ball rose softly, and that was all.—Detroit Tribune.

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; he believes for himself, not for another.—Carlyle.

There are over 4,500 paper mills in the civilized countries of the world.

THE BIGGEST OF BUGS.

The Elephant Beetle Is the Elephant Insect of Little Venezuela.

Venezuela is a little republic, but she has one thing that is the biggest of its kind on earth. It is a bug—the largest insect in all the world. The creature is known as the "elephant beetle," and when full grown it weighs nearly half a pound. To be struck in the face by such a bug, flying at full speed, would make a man feel as if a mule had kicked him.

This beetle, like others of its kind, both small and large, is clad in a complete suit of armor. This armor is made of a material far more indestructible than steel—namely, chitine. Chitine cannot be destroyed except by certain mineral acids—in other words, only the artifices of chemistry avail against it. Thus the shells of beetles that died 10,000,000 years ago have been preserved perfectly in the rocks, so that we know today just what these insects of antiquity looked like.

In Europe giant beetles have a considerable market value, commanding prices in proportion to their size. In London there are regular auctions of insects, and a single butterfly has been known to fetch as much as $800. A specimen of the rare and very large Goliath beetle is worth $60. This is the largest beetle of the old world, and it first became known through missionaries in the Kongo basin.

Though no other insect in existence compares in bulk with the beetle from Venezuela, there are other bugs that exceed it in dimensions. For example, there is the Atlas silk moth, which has a wing spread of nearly a foot. It spins a cocoon, the silk of which is better and stronger than that of the ordinary silkworm. But unfortunately it cannot be reeled. The department of agriculture tried for years to discover a way of reeling it, but without success. Moths of this species often alight on ships in the Indian ocean.

There is a butterfly of the Malay peninsula and Malayan archipelago which has a spread of ten inches. In India and tropical Africa are found giant forms of those remarkable insects known as "walking sticks," which look like twigs of trees. Some of them measure 18 inches in length. They are related to grasshoppers and katydids. In tropical America are found certain huge species of bugs that are closely related to the familiar electric light bugs of this country. Like the latter, which have been popularly known only since the introduction of the electric light, they fly at night, living during the day at the bottom of ponds.—St. Louis Star.

THE ELOPERS WERE STOPPED.

And Had to Reckon With the Bride's Father Before They Got Married.

Riding along a West Virginia road I was interested in seeing a young man and young woman on horseback coming down the road at a gallop. Not far behind them was an old man giving chase. By cutting across through the woods at one place he succeeded in heading them off and caught hold of the bridles just as I drove up, said C. E. Wardleigh to a Star reporter.

"Whar yo' all goin?" he demanded.

"You can stop us now, but we'll get married," answered the young man defiantly.

"I hain't tryin ter stop yo' all. Ef yo' is boun ter marry, yet kin, but I wanted a talk. Yo' all gwine ter town. How long yo' s'pose yo'll stay?"

"Two or three days," answered the groom.

"At $2 a day," said the father, "besides hoss feed an hoss hire, for I'll make yo' pay for them hosses, shore. Then $5 fer a preacher. I wanted Lindy ter marry Sam, fer I owe 'im $5, an he wouldn't say nothin 'bout it ef she'd hev 'im. Parson Long owes me, an he'll marry yer fo' nothin. Thar won't be no board bill an hoss feed. It would cost $20 ter make the trip, an give me $10 so I kin pay Sam, an hev suthin fer w'ar an t'ar of the hosses, an we kin go home an hev a bigger time than at town."

The proposition was accepted, the money paid, and the three turned their horses' heads homeward.—Washington Star.

Bicycles For Boys.

I do not for an instant hold that the bicycle is going to redeem the world or turn the rising generation into an army of saints, but I do know from personal experience that the boy who rides a bicycle and comes to school with a healthy glow on his face, that means a good circulation and a hearty appetite, produced by exercise in God's fresh air and God's bright sunshine, is a much more tractable lad than is the same boy when he is allowed to mope around the house or the corner grocery, listening to the vile stories of vile men or concocting some deviltry of his own. And not only is he more tractable, but he is more teachable, he learns more, he is a better boy and will make a better man. —Womankind.

A Sugar Coated Conscience.

United States Treasurer Morgan has received the following letter from Westville, Conn., inclosing 30 cents in postage stamps:

"I was a soldier at the time of the rebellion. I was on guard over the commissary stores and thoughtlessly took lumps of sugar from an open barrel to eat. I did not take much in quantity, but violated the principle of strict honesty. It is impressed upon me after all these years that I ought to make restitution. I send postage stamps to cover, I think, the value of all that I took, with interest."

The stamps were turned into the conscience fund.—Washington Post.

Clear Air.

The air is clear at Arequipa, Peru. From the observatory at that place, 8,050 feet above the sea, a black spot, one inch in diameter placed on a white disk has been seen on Mount Charchani, a distance of 11 miles, through a 13 inch telescope.

DOCTORING NATURE.

COLOR AND PERFUME OF FLOWERS CHANGED BY CHEMICALS.

Nature's Beauties Are Now Dyed and Doped to Secure New Effects In Shades and Fragrance—Efforts to Produce a Blue Chrysanthemum.

Modern scientists and chemists have no respect for nature. They have lately taken her most delicate creations, the flowers of the field and the garden, and attempted to change their colors and perfumes. Strange to say, considerable success has attended their efforts.

Many fashionable florists both in American and European cities established regular chemical laboratories in connection with their hothouses for carrying on this unique industry. The fad comes originally from Paris by way of London.

The first step in this direction consisted in the artificial dyeing of such flowers as the white carnation, the lily of the valley and the hyacinth. There is a well known New York florist who frequently changes the colors of these flowers to suit the whims and fancies of his wealthy patrons. He finds that he can successfully treat almost any bulbous flower by placing it in a solution containing oxalic acid and the special color which he wishes to impart to the petals of the plant.

It was in this way that the "green carnation," of which so much was heard a year or so ago, was produced. A lily of the valley can be changed from its pure white to a delicate blushing pink by placing the cut flower in red ink. The oxalic acid in the ink opens the pores of the plant and allows the coloring matter to be absorbed. This same New York florist has long been trying to produce a blue chrysanthemum, with the view of pleasing the patrons of the Yale football matches. He has not yet succeeded, but he is firmly convinced that it will only be a matter of time before chemists enable the florist to produce every known variety of color in flowering plants.

In perfuming flowers, and especially in artificially strengthening and reviving the natural odor, florists have gone very far, and it would seem that in this line there is really no limit. In order to revive flowers exhausted by time or carriage, their extremities are immersed in vessels containing a weak solution of sal ammoniac. Their odor is then strengthened by moistening them with an alcohol solution of the perfume or essential oil corresponding to the natural scent.

This is done on a very large scale with violets, roses, hawthorns, etc., the perfumes of which are manufactured largely in France. Two such perfumes are "violettine" and "geranioline." The former is composed of 100 grams of alcohol, 100 of glycerin and 10 of essence of violet. The latter is a similar preparation in which the essence of violet is replaced by geranoil or artificial oil of roses. The glycerin in these preparations is added in order to fix the scent, which would otherwise rapidly evaporate.

A more scientific method of strengthening the odor of flowers before shipping them or placing them on sale is frequently used. They are put into a wooden box cooled externally with ice. In the bottom of this box lies a tube provided with perforations, and through it is sent a current charged with carbonic acid gas and the odor characteristic of the flower. Again, in order to fix the odor, the flowers are sprinkled with a very small quantity of glycerin.

Not content with adding to the strength of scented flowers by this means, the flower dealers, aided by the suggestions of chemists, have gone the length of depriving flowers of the natural odors and substituting others. They have given the fragrant lilac the odor of the rose, the pink the perfume of the violet, and the humble cornflower the aristocratic scent of the jasmine. It is a delicate operation and one that does not succeed with all flowers. It consists in immersing the flower in a bromide solution which divests it of nearly every trace of its natural fragrance. After this it is washed and then perfumed with the odor desired in the manner already described.

The results of these attempts to improve upon nature are not always satisfactory. Flowers which have been doctored or revived by artificial means rarely last long enough to afford any pleasure to those who purchase them. There is, after all, nothing that can rival the natural beauty and fragrance of a flower as it comes fresh from the garden or hothouse, and happily there are still millions of people who would give more for the fragrance of one sweet violet fresh from the woods than all the artificial productions of New York or Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

A Slight Difference.

"As I understand it, doctor, if I believe I'm well, I'll be well. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Then, if you believe you're paid, I suppose you'll be paid."

"Not necessarily."

"But why shouldn't faith work as well in one case as in the other?"

"Well, you see, there is considerable difference between having faith in the Almighty and having faith in you."—Chicago Post.

A Bold Front.

Guest (in a loud voice)—I want the best room in the house—

Hotel Clerk—Yes, sir. Front!

Guest (continuing, sotto voce)—That you can let me have for $1 a day. Some of my customers are standing near, and I've got to keep up appearances, you know.—Philadelphia North American.

To make croutons, or fried bread, for soups cut bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick, remove the crust and cut the bread into cubes and fry them in smoking hot melted butter until they are crisp and golden brown in color.

ONE OF THE QUEEREST OF LAKES.

A Puzzle to Geologists In the Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.

Sinking creek, in the northwestern part of this county, is not a running stream or creek, as one would imagine from its name, but it is a large lake, which forms only in the spring of the year, when thaws and rainfall produce an overabundance of water. The formation of a lake covering over 200 acres of land and sometimes over 300 comes with the suddenness of a rise in the Mississippi river.

The lake is formed in a hollow entirely surrounded by gradually inclined hills of blue grass fields and meadows. These hills are at first imperceptible to the eye on account of the gradual and even slope of the surrounding country. A closer examination of the country shows that for miles around it all gradually inclines to the place where the springtime lake forms, but the place itself is merely a slightly rolling tract of land, over which various fences, trees and shrubberies are seen. As the lake depends on the rainfall for its supply of water, it is larger some years than others and has been known to cover 350 acres of land and the water all the way from 5 to 30 feet deep. This body of water is a veritable Mecca for duck hunters at the time of the year when ducks pass through Kentucky on their way to the northern lakes.

There is no outlet above the earth in the way of a creek or hollow. There is no cave or sink hole on any of the land which is covered by water through which the water may escape. Yet within one month this immense amount of water disappears. After the disappearance the earth which is covered, instead of being a wet, marshy place, as is the case of an ordinary springtime rise in water, is a beautiful, fertile, blue grass vale, over which blooded Kentucky stock roam during the summer months and fatten on the rich pasturage. No appearance of a marsh or water weeds, etc., is found after the lake has gone.

Exactly what causes the "sinking" of the lake has never been determinated, although various geologists have visited the scene. It is a well known fact that quicksilver thrown into a pond or lake will cause it to soon sink, and it is claimed that the water forming this lake, as it is drained down from the surrounding hills, brings with it a composition of some kind similar to mercury or quicksilver in its action on sinking a lake, and that this is the key to the mystery of Sinking creek.—Nicholasville Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DANGEROUS BIRD.

What Will Happen Some Day to an Incautious Hunter of Blue Herons.

"Some of these days," said the longshore hunter, "I expect to open my daily paper and see a headline something like this, 'Killed by a Blue Heron,' and I'll tell you why. The blue heron is a big, powerful bird which has already badly disfigured the faces of several men. The men have wounded a bird, and then thinking to capture it alive they went up to it. Why, I'd as soon try to kiss a wounded grizzly. The birds grow as tall as 6 feet, and have necks like a fish rod and just the kind of muscles to move it the quickest with the most strength. They could drive their bill points through a quarter inch panel.

"The hunter goes up to the bird and sees it lying there looking as innocent as a robin, with only a wing broken. 'What a fine pet it would make,' the fool hunter thinks. Then he picks the bird up and starts for home in a wagon or a boat, with the bird between his knees. The bird's neck is drawn back like a letter 'S.' All of a sudden the bill shoots up and gives the man a gash alongside the eye three inches long. That is what always has happened. The wounded bird has missed its aim, but sometimes—and you want to remember it—this feathered spearman will drive its bill far into its enemy's eye, and like a steel umbrella stick the point of the bill will penetrate the man's brain. I guess the bird's aim has always been spoiled by the pain of its wounds, and so many a human life has been saved. I don't monkey with wounded bitterns, or cranes—well, scarcely."—New York Sun.

A Homely Court.

A backwoods court is thus described in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "A desperado was offended at the court and used unbecoming language, and when fined for contempt claimed that he could not be guilty of contempt, since there was no courthouse. The squire ordered a circle made to represent a courthouse, whereupon the desperado got outside of the line and renewed his insults. When told that he disturbed the court, he said, 'Make your courthouse larger.' Another line was drawn, with similar results, and still others, until the murmurings ceased to disturb the court. Another defendant was guilty of a breach of the peace. The court sent him to jail, writing the following mittimus: 'Jailer of Garrard county, you will please lock John Blevin up in jail and keep him until I call for him. He has been cuttin up and cussin and tryin to fight.'"

What Touched Thackeray.

At the sale of Lady Blessington's household furniture, her library, her pictures, porcelain, plate and some of her jewelry, which were disposed of before the left London for the last time, one little incident ought not to be forgotten. A French servant of Lady Blessington's wrote her a letter in which he told her that he had observed many of her friends passing through the rooms, and he added that "Mr. Thackeray had to cover his eyes to hide his tears."—Speaker.

Her Plaint.

A fat French lady despairingly says, "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

REMINISCENT.

I'm only a rock, a big black rock,
Standing alone by the sea,
With no one near my story to hear.
I'm as lonesome as lonesome can be.

I'm only a rock, a grim old rock,
Watching the waves on the shore,
The sharer for years in the joys and fears
Of maidens and youths by the score.

I'm only a rock, a barren old rock,
Sick of such tales of love,
And I almost groan, though I'm only a stone,
When they swear by the stars above.

I'm only a rock, a bleak old rock,
But I know a thing or two—
Whether made at night or in broad daylight
Such pledges are seldom true.

I'm only a rock, a strange old rock,
Dreading the summer once more,
When in their glory they'll tell the old story
I have heard so often before.

I'm only a rock, a deserted old rock,
Half buried in snow and sand,
Sport of the sea when the wind blows free
My weary vigil I stand.

—James T. Sullivan in Boston Globe.

CROWNED AT OLYMPIA.

Honors Paid to the Victors In the Grecian Athletic Contests.

Immediately after each contest the successful athlete appeared before the judges and received a palm branch, and his name was heralded before the assembled throng. But at the close of all the contests, on the final day of the festival, the much coveted prizes were distributed. Into the altis at early morning streamed the long, joyous procession, headed by the judges, the religious and civil authorities, and the public guests, escorting the now brilliantly clad athletes and victorious horses bedecked with flowers. The song they sang was a song of victory by Archilochus, which began: "Hail to thee, powerful Hercules, conqueror in the games, and to thee also, Iolaus, both famed for the spear! Tonella, tonella! All hail to the victor!"

A little boy from the priestly class had already cut with a golden knife some branches from the olive tree planted by Hercules, and crowns made from these branches had been exposed in the temple of Hera upon a beautiful chryselephantine table made by Colotes. The crowns were then brought to the temple of Zeus, where, before the representatives of all Greece, the judges, clad in purple, crowned the heads of the victorious athletes. This Olympic crown, as the supreme reward of Greek ambition, is well expressed in the story of Diagoras. Himself a victor in the games, he returned in his old age to Olympia with his two sons. Both bore off a prize, and then ran and caught their father on their shoulders as the crowd of pilgrims pelted them with flowers. "Die, Diagoras," they cried, "for thou hast nothing more to live for!" With a sigh of joy the old man expired.

The crowning of Olympia did not end the victors' glory. Their statues were made by the most famous sculptors, their portraits painted by the most skillful artists, their deeds glorified in verse. They were feasted and maintained at public expense, received seats of honor at the theater and were cherished as gods in the hearts of their countrymen. As Pindar has well expressed it, "He that overcometh hath, because of the games, a sweet tranquillity throughout his life forevermore."—"The Old Olympic Games," by Professor Allan Marquand, in Century.

King by Trade.

While in Geneva in 1891 Judge T. J. Mackey of South Carolina was selected by the American colony to deliver a Fourth of July oration at a banquet given in honor of the day. It was attended by all the foreign consuls, and among them was the consul general of Austria-Hungary, who furnished for Judge Mackey's address the following anecdote and vouched for its authenticity:

A number of Americans residing in Vienna in the year 1810 united to celebrate Washington's birthday, and invited the Emperor Francis of Austria to honor the occasion by his presence.

That genial monarch, a true gentleman, although "every inch a king," overlooked the disregard of established forms into which his would be hosts had been betrayed by their patriotic zeal, and made this answer in his own handwriting:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your hospitable invitation and the gratifying terms in which you have expressed your desire that I should attend a banquet which you propose to give in celebration of General Washington's natal day.

"But you must excuse me from uniting with you to honor the memory of your illustrious countryman, since I could not do so with sincerity, for Washington scorned a crown and did more to bring royalty into contempt than all men who have ever lived, and I am a king by trade."—Youth's Companion.

Some Gigantic Photographs.

The largest photographs that have ever been made, if we are correctly informed, were those used in Baltimore's Columbian parade in the fall of 1892. They represented scenes in the life of Columbus and were used as decorations for the fleat of St. Pius parish in the parade mentioned. The largest one of the lot, a copy of Gribayedoff's "Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella," was 9 feet long and 6 feet wide. This photographic triumph was made by a special process. The patent belongs to Photographer W. H. Weaver of Baltimore.—St. Louis Republic.

Even In Italy.

First Fair Neapolitan (bearing her laundry basket on her head)—I say, Jeannetta.

Second Fair Neapolitan—Well?

First Fair Neapolitan—Is my basket on straight?—London Tit-Bits.

My pen is at the bottom of a page which being finished here my story ends; 'tis to be wished it had been sooner done, but stories somehow lengthen when begun.—Byron.

Brewers in England receive $6.85 a week; in Germany they are paid $5; in Holland, $6; in New South Wales they receive $23.

HOW COMEDIAN CRANE WAS SNUBBED

He Gives a Young Actor Some Good Advice About Self Conceit.

A very young man who made a hit in a new play in this city called on William H. Crane one morning and in a very patronizing manner remarked that he would consider an offer to join the comedian's company. The actor greeted him very cordially, for he had always been a very nice, modest young man, but it was not long before the actor discovered that there was something the matter with his young friend. He held his head very high and showed certain unmistakable signs of being caddish. It did not take the actor long to see that the boy was suffering from the affliction known as "big head," and calling to his valet to shut the door from the outside he proceeded to do what he considered his duty.

"Look, here, my boy," said he, "you are suffering with worms. Now, don't start. Sit still till I get through. One hit doesn't make an actor any more than one swallow is going to make next summer. You remind me of myself when I was but a 'prentice hand. I got a chance to play a small part and accepted it. In my own valuable estimation I made the biggest kind of a hit in it. The morning after I walked around the lobby of the cheap hotel in which I was then proud to stop as happy as any lord. I wanted everybody to point me out as that bright young actor who made the big hit the night before.

"For a long time no one noticed me, and I could not understand it. Finally a sharp eyed man called me to him, which I thought was a strange proceeding, and asked me if I hadn't appeared in the show the night before. I was nearly tickled to death, for I had been discovered. I proudly replied that I had. 'First appearance?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'What salary do you get?' was his next question. I told him that I got nothing just then, which was the truth. The inquisitive one shifted his cigar, looked me over very carefully for a minute, and turning on his heel said I was well paid. The reply nearly paralyzed me. I don't know but that I went up to my room and cried. The man took all the conceit out of me, and today he is my warmest friend. Get yourself back to earth now, and take my words in a kindly sense. None of us can afford to have big heads."

The young man left very angry, but next day wrote the actor a letter, apologizing for his conduct and thanking him for his advice.—New York Times.

THE CRACKED COIN GAME.

How the Shrewd Man Wins Bets With a "Hocused" Bit of Silver.

Two blithe and confident young men entered the subtreasury one day last week, and one of them dropped a silver half dollar, or something which looked like it, on the desk before one of Uncle Sam's money sharps. It fell with a dull and leadlike sound.

"Good or bad?" asked the first blithe young man.

The clerk investigated.

"Good," said he.

"Good enough," said the first blithe young man. "Five dollars, please."

The second young man, not quite so blithe, passed over a bill, apparently the amount of a bet, and together they left the place of gold and silver. The subtreasury clerk smiled and closed one eye.

"It's a good one," he said. "I have heard of it before. Guess some of the sharp 'uns' are making a good thing out of it.

"You see, if you take a silver coin and crack it some way or other, on an anvil say, you can take all the ring out of it without in any way spoiling the looks of the coin. Then all you have to do is to get a confederate and work the saloons and cafes for suckers. Bang your coin hard on the mahogany. The barkeeper looks at it with suspicion. You hastily substitute another coin for it that rings like Old Trinity's chimes, but grumblingly murmur your belief that the first coin is all right. Your confederate offers to bet that it isn't. You do a little verbal fencing back and forth. The sucker comes forward, as he always does, for they are born every minute. The confederate backs him up with a slap on the back and a confident assertion that the coin is lead. A bet is made. The money is put up. All adjourn to a bank in the vicinity to test the matter. The coin is pronounced O. K., and the sucker pockets his loss."—New York World.

The Pig's Grunt.

The continued grunting of the pig is of interest as revealing something of the conditions of life of his wild ancestors. A herd of swine scattered in the long grass or among the brackens of a European forest would soon lose sight of one another. But the grunts of each would still advertise his presence to his neighbors, and so the individual members of the herd would not lose touch with the main body. Then there are grunts and grunts. If one of my readers will imitate the ingenious Mr. Garner and take a photograph to the nearest pigsty, he might get material to make up a book on the language and grammar of the hog. However thick the jungle, the wild pig could, by taking note of the pitch and emphasis of the grunts to right and left of him, tell pretty much what his hidden colleagues were thinking about.—North American Review.

Disease Lurks In Basements.

Physicians aver that there are disease and death in storing wooden blocks from old pavements in cellars for fuel. Several cases of typhoid and diphtheria have been traced to this cause. It is well to remember a single decaying cabbage or a bushel of turnips in the basement has poisoned the air of the entire house. Damp cellars alone are sources of disease. Millions of fungi grow in a night upon damp walls, ripen, and pass off in the air and often are the direct source of fatal epidemics. Fire that will dry the walls of the house is the very best of disinfectants.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Society Directory.

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The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

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THE BODY AND THE MIND.

Dr. Parkhurst on the Great Value of Physical Development.

In his article on "The Best Thing In the World," Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in The Ladies' Home Journal, discusses with forceful emphasis physical development, and lends point to his argument by scintillating epigrams, some of which are here given:

"Asceticism and debauchery are companion branches sprung from one stalk.

"Fidelity to physical conditions is the first thing for a man to think of who has any ambition to be a personal success, and not only the first thing for him to think of, but the thing for him to seriously continue thinking of.

"Those various anomalies of intellect classed under the general term of insanity have their grounds in some abnormal condition of the physical organism.

"Climb high as we like our ladder will still require to rest on the ground, and it is probable that the keenest intellectual intuition, and the most delicate throb of passion would, if analysis could be carried so far, be discovered to have its connection with the rather material affair that we know as the body.

"It is an interesting fact that all of those to whom Christ made his revelations were out of door men—men therefore presumably whose anatomy and physiology were not of a kind to interfere confusingly or beclouddingly with their apprehension of the realities tendered to them.

"Temperament is almost as important a factor in opinion as is the mind itself, and temperament is an affair of the body."

Absentminded.

It is said that the extempore playing of the great Beethoven was marvelous, but he was entirely without the coolness and self possession required by a performer who wishes to render written compositions with accuracy and finish.

The same fault was found with his conducting the orchestra; even before his deafness he often confused the players by his sudden gestures.

At one time he was playing one of his own beautiful concertos for piano and orchestra. During a long passage by the orchestra, while the piano was silent, he forgot his position and fancying himself conductor for the moment he threw out his arms at a certain chord, knocking both the candles off the piano.

They were picked up, but when the passage was repeated and the loud chord recurred he forgot himself again, and the accident happened for the second time.

The audience, in spite of their great admiration and respect for the master musician, were convulsed with merriment, which so disgusted Beethoven that several strings of the unoffending piano suffered the consequences of his irritation, which expended itself in a prodigious thumping of the keys.—Youth's Companion.

Tough Eating.

Those who have partaken of peacock declare that gorgeous bird to be decidedly tough eating, while it is said of the swan that the fact of its ever having been a familiar dish speaks highly in favor of ancient English cutlery. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that when bustards' and boars' heads were as common as sirloins and saddles now are there were scarcely any vegetables to eat with them.

Her Choice.

Mother—Jane, you must choose between the two. Will you marry the man who loves you or the man who can dress you?

Daughter—Mamma, as an up to date girl, I must reply to your question that, although love is a very desirable thing, clothes are an absolute necessity.—London Tit-Bits.

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